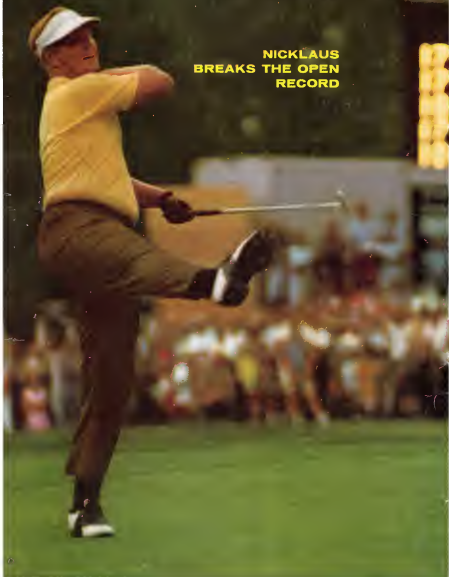


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 25, 1987 40 CENTS

**NICKLAUS
BREAKS THE OPEN
RECORD**



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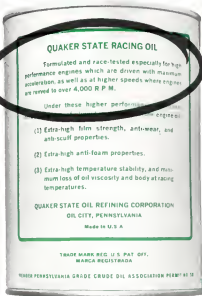


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Biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.

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*Measuring insurance companies is
like weighing hogs in Texas.*

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FROM
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COMPANIES

How they used to weigh hogs in Texas is, put a hog on one end of a board, pile rocks on the other until they balance. Then guess how much the rocks weigh.

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To these and other true-blue characteristics, we then add our admitted tendencies to be quiet instead of brash, to promise only what we know we'll deliver. (Our agents and brokers know how carefully we promise. Ask one.)

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merits of insurance companies, give thought to dull old Stability and Solvency.

Like the rocks on one end of the board... they aren't very exciting, but they carry a lot of weight.

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INSURANCE COMPANIES



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Waterbury Life Insurance Company
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Next week

SHOWDOWN TIME for U.S. trackmen is the annual AAU meet. Pete Axthelm covers the finals in Bakersfield, Calif., where even a Ryan or a Matson must reprove his prowess.

THE FAME IN SPAIN belongs to Manuel Santana. Frank Deford describes the defending Wimbledon champion and explains why he has become such a national hero.

"LEAKY-ROOF CIRCUIT" is what participants called the small Midwest horse shows of the '40s. Alice Higgins nostalgically recalls the years she rode the circuit herself.

Litton Industries'
nationwide introduction
of its new Royfax Copiers
called for split-second scheduling.



How did Flying Tigers get the job done?

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A detailed still life photograph featuring a tall, elegant Heineken beer glass filled with golden beer and a thick head of white foam. The glass is decorated with the Heineken logo and a red star. It sits on a silver tray that also holds a bottle of Heineken beer, a red velvet rope, and a small, ornate silver object. A black and white illustration of a windmill is visible on the tray. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

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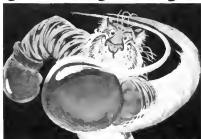
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Let others change for the better.

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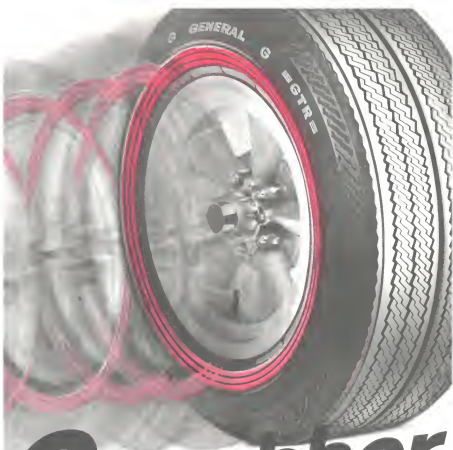
Your Prudential man knows that preparing for college can be harder on fathers than on their children. But it needn't be. He can show you just the right Prudential plan to protect your son's college future without forcing you to squeeze every last penny.

And all this for a very simple reason: Prudential understands.



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*GTR...the tire built to last!
Grab 'em! At your General Tire Specialists.*



SCORECARD

SECRET WEAPON

For the first time since World War II both major league pennant races could be determined by military obligations. Before the season ends, 40 top baseball players will have been drafted or will have spent some time training with the armed forces.

The list of players who have been or expect to be called up for two weeks is significant: Pete Richert of the Orioles, Jim Lonborg and Bill Rohr of the Red Sox, Larry Dierker and Joe Morgan of the Astros, Ed Brinkman and Bob Savene of the Senators, Rod Carew of the Twins, Jim Lefebvre and Don Sutton of the Dodgers and the Cubs' double-play combination of Glenn Beckert and Don Kessinger.

A two-week service stint can be almost as serious for a ballplayer and a ball club as a six-month period. Take, for instance, Tony Conigliaro, who recently returned from two weeks at Camp Drum. When he left Boston he was batting .304. On his return, his timing was off and he managed only three singles in his first 29 at bats. It was his worst slump, and it cramped Boston's first-division hopes.

The Tigers, instead of wringing their hands when Pitcher Mickey Lolich left for his two weeks' training with the Air National Guard last week, sent a catcher along with him and told Lolich to work out for an hour every night. But even this imaginative precaution didn't really solve the immediate problem. With Lolich in service, the normal rotation of the already weak Tiger pitching staff will be badly upset.

Although the Cubs have continued to play well despite the loss of 21-year-old Ken Holtzman—drafted for six months this spring just when he was being heralded as the next Sandy Koufax—their chances of finishing in the first division for the first time since 1946 have to be much less. Holtzman had a 3-0 record at the time of his induction and a 2.33 ERA. Cincinnati, San Francisco and Pittsburgh do not figure to be affected

by service obligations, but the contending Cardinals have three players—Tim McCarver, Alex Johnson and Bobby Tolan—who have missed games and will miss several more in meeting Army commitments.

The effects of the draft extend beyond the current season, of course. Clubs now find that high school players are reluctant to sign because they prefer to go to college and gain a draft deferment. Some sign, but only to play ball in the summer recess. Leagues such as the Northern and New York-Penn leagues have cut their schedules to two months because the teams have short rosters.

All of which recalls those other days: gas rationing, swing shifts, Rosie the Riveter and—perish the prospect—the St. Louis Browns.

DOOGMA

In the Portuguese colony of Macao, Communist Chinese have been rioting for weeks, plastering up posters everywhere with angry slogans. Last weekend a demonstrator, showing uncommon humor, attached a poster bearing one of the most familiar political phrases—DOWN WITH THE RUNNING DOGS—to the gates of the local dog track.

PATCHWORK

Opening his mail several weeks ago, Florida State Football Coach Bill Peterson came upon a sample of Astroturf, the plastic grass used in the Houston Astrodome. He fingered it a while and decided that since the Seminoles open their season in Houston on September 15, he would order himself a 7-foot-by-17-foot piece of it. "You hear a lot of things about playing on it—that you can't run fast, that it is slippery, that you come out with fewer knee injuries but more abrasions—so I thought we should find out for ourselves," he says.

The carpet, which cost Peterson \$228, is now stretched out in a freshman dressing room where it will remain until fall practice begins. Then Peterson will haul

it out and have his backs, pass receivers and linemen practice turning, cutting and charging on it.

Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, whose team will play in the Astrodome later in the season, may also buy a piece of Astroturf. If he does, he will let FSU use it for practice before its game, doubling the area of maneuver. FSU would return the favor later on.

Now if Wake Forest, North Carolina State, Idaho and Memphis State—the other teams that play in Houston this fall—would kick in their share, the carpet might stretch wall to wall.

OLDEST PERMANENT CRAP GAME

In the nave of the Church of All Saints on the banks of the River Ouse in the English Midlands, a group of children gathered on Whit Tuesday to throw dice. Each year the church vicar, clad in his priestly robes, supervises such a sporting contest to meet the terms of a bequest made by a parishoner who died in 1685. A local scholar and philosopher, Dr. Robert Wilde, willed the church \$140, the interest on the money to pay for Bibles, which would be given as prizes to children competing in an annual dice game in the 500-year-old Anglican church. In setting the terms, Dr. Wilde was presumably taking a fling at Oliver Cromwell, a former warden of



the church who had become the fanatically puritanical ruler of England.

This year, as is the custom, nine boys and nine girls—the oldest of them 12—crouched earnestly around a table inside the church. The children were members of the village churches—Methodist,

continued

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Church of England, Congregationalist—and the nine with the hottest hands received the Bibles.

"It is not as if we are trying to encourage gambling in the young," said Vicar Ronald Jennings. "After all, there is no risk involved for the children. They are not losing their shirts or anything like that. In fact, you might say our dice game is striking a blow for literacy. According to the terms of the bequest each child in the game must also be able to read."

WHERE THE BOYS ARE

For 50 years some of the best ballplayers in the majors have come out of California. Walter Johnson was from Fullerton, and after him there were such as the DiMaggios, Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Jackie Robinson, Duke Snider and Eddie Mathews. But it took the recent major league free-agent draft to point out how extreme the California-bred trend has become in baseball. Seven of the 20 youngsters selected in the first round were from there. No other state produced more than two. And of the 1,169 players drafted, 290 were from California. New York was second with 72.

Thirty-one of the 170 players holding Kansas City contracts are from California, and nine of the 25 men on the Astros' roster are from there. Not coincidentally, a quarter of Houston's scouts work exclusively in the state.

The weather that permits year-round baseball, the heavy stress on athletics in schools and the large population are the most obvious causes of the baseball bounty. Al Campanis, the Dodgers' Director of Scouting, says, "High school and college competition is fantastic. Most teams play 40 or more games in school, and then those same kids play on weekends the year round. My son [Dodger Catcher Jim Campanis] is an example. I doubt very much if he'd be in the majors today if we had not moved here 10 years ago. He eliminated his weaknesses with constant competition. I don't believe he could have accelerated his self-development that much in New York." Campanis does not believe the natural attributes of California ballplayers are superior, only that they are "smoother, more adept, better schooled and much fancier. There's no more raw talent, but it certainly gets a higher polish."

From *baseball*'s point of view, there is only one disenchanting element in this

latter-day diamond rush. "California players," said one club official, "have an inflated idea of their value."

TEAMING UP FOR TV

Wearing Olympic-style blazers, a team of shopkeepers and clerks from the town of Bridlington in Yorkshire set off recently to represent England in Europe's latest sporting craze: Eurovision, the TV network that links Britain and the Continent, has introduced a show that pits teams from villages in England, France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany in such manly jousts as racing with iced cakes along greased conveyor belts. Last week 40 million viewers watched an event that called for teams to run across a ring and pop a balloon that was guarded by a French heifer.

The English, sadly, finished last, but a BBC official excused their performance saying, "The British man in the street is not very keen on fighting animals." Next, the village of Lytham Saint Anne's will try to recoup English honor by roller-skating over seesaws with trays of glasses. The *Euro-Cup Finals* are scheduled for September in West Germany.

FURTHERING THE GREEN

A bill to legalize flat racing is pending in the Pennsylvania legislature and is expected to be approved within a fortnight. It is the old story of a state looking for a painless way to balance its books (and in this case, to avoid an income tax) and picking horse racing to be the patsy.

What makes the Pennsylvania bill unusually controversial is the effect it would have in diluting the already marginal quality of racing in the neighboring states of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and West Virginia. The area is saturated with Thoroughbred tracks—there are 18 operating 1,320 days a year. Now Pennsylvania proposes setting up four new tracks. The competition among the existing meetings for horses has already spread the talent much too thin. Last week Ted McLean, vice-president of Delaware Park, one of the best tracks in the five-state area, said, "We're loaded with manes and tails, but that's all you can say about them."

Advocates of the Pennsylvania bill argue—not without cause—that Pennsylvanians should be able to enjoy the sport at home, and that neighboring states have, for years, been collecting millions of dol-

continued

Top ball in top tour- nament U.S. Open.

And remember—no one is paid to play Titleist.



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS
Titleist is available through golf supply stores or direct from the company.

How would an empty beer can look here?

Or old soda pop bottles? Or watermelon rinds? Don't answer. We all know.

And yet it happens every weekend. Especially long holiday weekends like the 4th of July coming up. Picnic areas, parks, and roadways all across America are left cluttered with litter.

It's not that people are messier today than they used to be. It's just that today there are a lot more people. And the mess adds up mighty fast.

So this 4th of July weekend, observe the good old American custom of enjoying your food and beer in the great outdoors.

And then—leave that special spot of yours as beautiful as you found it.

You'll feel good about it all the way home.



The Beer that made Milwaukee famous



©1987, Am. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., and other cities.

fars in revenue from Pennsylvanians who travel across state lines looking for action. As reasonable as these arguments may be, in this instance the quality of racing as a whole should be considered.

The multiplicity of racetracks has necessitated the multiplication of horses. A track needs 1,200 animals of one kind or another to stage a 30-day meeting. Consequently, horses that would be better left to plow-pulling are jogged off to the breeding barn to provide pari-mutuel fodder.

There are now 20,000 Thoroughbred foals being produced each year in the U.S. Ten years ago there was half that number. In contrast, 5,500 foals are born annually in Britain, 2,600 in France and 450 in Italy. For two centuries these countries have supplied the world with the best Thoroughbred stock. Quality is the prime consideration. In the U.S. political greed, not the breed, threatens to become racing's chief motivation.

If a tax on gambling is to be preferred to other forms of taxation, we suggest that states legalize lotteries or one-armed bandits instead of trying to transform sport into a roulette wheel.

DEAR NOME

In order to stimulate tourist business and lure people to the Land of Enchantment, as New Mexico calls itself, the *Albuquerque Tribune* recently offered prizes to citizens who wrote the best letters to out-of-state relatives inviting them for vacations. The contest was officially named "Ask Them for August."

Perhaps to insure entries, the *Tribune* ruled that a copy of each letter had to be mailed to the contest judges but the original invitation did not have to be sent to the relatives.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Howard, Clemson football coach, on Bear Bryant: "The Bear's always been ahead of us humans. Even when we started the two-platoon system, he was using three platoons: one on offense, one on defense and one to go to class."

• Abe Martin, TCU athletic director, explaining why he switched the TCU-Texas A&M football game from day to night: "Call it public relations. I didn't want anyone to be mad at us because they couldn't see the Arkansas-Texas game on TV and ours, too. Besides, we stood to lose \$20,000 at the gate."

END

No know-how needed.

Since Kodak introduced "super 8" there are no mysteries left in movie-making. No good reason why you shouldn't be shooting and proudly showing your own movies. The KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera loads instantly with the super 8 film cartridge. No midpoint flip-over. No edge fogging or double exposure. No winding, either—this camera is battery driven. The Cds electric eye operates through the lens for precise exposure accuracy.

The M8 even adds a few frills (and thrills): choice of four shooting speeds—from fast to slow motion—for special effects. 5-to-1 power zoom lens—goes from extreme wide-angle to telephoto close-ups at the touch of a button. Or zoom manually, if you wish. Reflex viewing through the lens lets you see exactly what you'll get on the film.

The superb M8 camera is less than \$225. See it and the complete line of super 8 KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's.

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We haven't met? Why, so possible, since your great-great grandfather. You see, we've been insuring young couples since 1845 - so you might say our blue has become a very traditional part of weddings.

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In fact, dividends have been so high in recent years, that the cost of our life insurance is at an all time low for many of our policy owners. (A good point for budget conscious newlyweds to remember.)

Why not talk to one of our Agents soon? Oh, before we forget - best wishes from all of us at New York Life.

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Joyce Thompson is a born loser.



She may lose her gloves—but never her money. Because she carries Bank of America Travelers Cheques. If anything happens to them, she gets a prompt refund. Anywhere in the world. And for the full amount. She can't lose—the world's largest bank guarantees it.



**That's why she always travels with
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JACK DELIVERS THE CRUSHER

An Army was against him, and so was the tradition of Ben Hogan's U.S. Open scoring record, but Nicklaus broke them both at Baltusrol with a classic last-round 65 that now establishes him as a golfer without peer

CONTINUED





IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT, A GOOD BIG MAN . . .

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Jack Nicklaus, who with a flurry of unsurpassable golf last week became the U.S. Open champion of 1967, reminds you a bit of Clement Attlee during his early years as Prime Minister. Out of office at the time was Winston Churchill, powerless but still the beloved hero of the people. Well, Jack Nicklaus, who is the finest golf player in the world today when he is on his stick, has his Churchill; Arnold Palmer, still the people's choice though he has not won a major championship for more than three years.

Never was this strange state of affairs more evident than at Baltusrol Golf Club in Springfield, N.J., where Nicklaus was winning his second Open championship with a five-under-par 275, the lowest score ever recorded in this 67-year-old event. The victor played superlative and overwhelming golf as he beat Palmer by four very convincing strokes and the rest of the field by the distance of one of his mile-long tee shots. But throughout the final two rounds of the championship, when the chance of the draw paired Nicklaus and Palmer, Jack's finest shots were greeted by the gallery with what was almost a silent hostility. At times his worst mistakes were applauded, while Arnold's lesser shots were cheered like the slashing strokes of victory.

The drama of Nicklaus's memorable triumph was heavily accentuated by the accidental theatrics of the head-to-head pairing with Palmer during those two climactic rounds. It was a me-against-you confrontation that had been a long time coming—and the spectacle was worth the wait.

At first glance, Baltusrol does not seem to be a course that would provide the stuff of history. It sits amid some lovely parkland in the rolling hills of central New Jersey, no more than half

an hour by car from the bridges and tunnels that cross the Hudson River into Manhattan. The stately old pines and elms and maples that line its fairways are not necessarily ominous from a modern pro golfer's point of view and only rarely come into play. The fairways for the Open were relatively wide and gorgeously groomed. The greens were generously expansive—not the parking-lot size of so many newer courses, but large. Nor did they appear viciously contoured, although like many older greens they have developed subtle borrows that are nearly invisible to the untrained eye but are just enough to turn a well-hit putt off line. Baltusrol's 47-year-old Lower Course was in magnificent condition, perfectly fair and inviting as the 150 golfers arrived and got down to work without—for the first time in living memory—a cacophony of complaints about a U.S. Open layout.

From the beginning at Baltusrol, Nicklaus was in a winning frame of mind. For the first time since his pro career began five years ago, people were raising questions about his golfing ability. Certainly, he was having his worst season. He had won only one tournament, and his seemingly ample earnings of \$31,321 were not so impressive when measured on the Palmer scale. Since Palmer was at \$94,213 Jack would rank himself at minus \$59,892. He had missed the cut at the Masters, and the right-to-left style of play that he had for some reason been turning to in the last few years had become completely uncontrollable. In April, faced with his Masters disaster, he decided it was time to revamp his game, and he did.

When he checked in at Baltusrol for his practice rounds he was hitting the ball left to right again, and as well as he ever had in his life. On Wednesday, in his last practice round, he shot a 62, two

strokes below the competitive course record. ("That won't shake anybody up but Jack," said Palmer.)

Palmer, meanwhile, had brought his own game to one of its frequent peaks, and he, too, was as ready to win as he ever had been. True, he had his aches. It is startling to realize that a man as boldly athletic as Arnold Palmer is closing in on the age of 40, a time when, as some sage put it, "life is just a matter of patch, patch, patch." At 37, Palmer has begun to feel a few of the twinges of departing youth—a muscle strain here, a touch of bursitis there. Last year it was a pain in his shoulder. At the recent Masters it was a dizzy spell and shortness of breath that bothered him at the 17th green of his third round and impelled him to give up cigarettes again. He came to Baltusrol with a muscle spasm in his hip that had been annoying him for a week. After a practice round on Monday he climbed into his Jet Commander and flew home to Latrobe, where the family doctor prescribed heat and Ben-Gay and rest. Back at the golf course, he further shortened his swing—already shortened a bit during the past year or so in the interests of accuracy. By Wednesday he was wondering if he could play at all and saying, very privately, that he might not. He stopped practicing or even warming up before tournament rounds in order to spare strain on the risky hip. His golf game was nonetheless in fine fettle—provided he could keep swinging.

As he started his opening round on Thursday, Palmer looked anything but his best. He drove into the rough on the first hole and hit into a greenside bunker on the second. By the time he reached the 13th green he had visited the rough and sand repeatedly, and he stood 16-0 over par. But a 45-foot sidehill putt that rolled into the hole at the

continued

Surprising amateur Marty Flackman (left), playing with Bill Casper, comes off Baltusrol's 4th green on Sunday shortly after losing his lead.

13th changed all that, and further birdies at 14 and 18 brought him into a seven-way tie for second, two strokes behind the only other figure to really impose himself upon this Nicklaus-Palmer Open, a 23-year-old ex-University of Houston star named Martin Alan Fleckman, who came in with a 67.

An unknown always seems to lead the Open after the first round, so Fleckman's emergence created no wild surge of excitement. It was assumed he would shoot an 80 the next day. Instead, he shot a 73, and then came back with a very nervy 69 on Saturday—after going three over par on the first two holes—which gave him the tournament lead again. This time, instead of talking about shooting an 80, the wise ones were talking about Johnny Goodman, the last amateur to win the U.S. Open some 34 years ago. So, on the last day, Fleckman did shoot his 80, to finish tied for 18th, but a most stimulating 18th.

Friday dawned as oppressively hot and tormenting as New Jersey can get in June, and in the breathless hours around noon temperatures must have topped 100° on the baking putting surfaces. "Hot?" said Ben Hogan. "Hell can't be any hotter. I'll check that out one of these days." Nicklaus, too, was hot. His opening-round 71 had occasioned speculation that he had left his best golf out on

the course the day before during that fantastic 62, but Nicklaus denied it. "Maybe the 62 helped by giving me more confidence," he said.

The Nicklaus theory was supported by Friday's events. He started with a bogey, and at the 4th hole, a par-3, he found himself with a 10-foot putt that he needed for his par. "If I miss it I'm two over for the day and three over for the tournament, and it would be looking very bad for me," he said afterward. But the strange-looking Bull's Eye putter with the white-painted head that he had borrowed from a friend of Deane Beman's a few days before got the ball into the hole.

Two birdies brought Nicklaus through the first nine at 33 and, with three birdies and a bogey on the way home, he was in with 67, the lowest score he had ever shot in a U.S. Open. What seemed to please him even more than his new white putter was his driving. "All the Open has ever been is a driving contest," he said, in what rated as the oversimplification of the week. "You drive it into the fairway and play it from there."

The day was almost over when Palmer brought in a 68 to take the tournament lead at 137, thanks to a round in direct contrast to his rather shaky opening 69. He hit the ball quite well all the way, except for a brief lapse on the 6th hole,

where he had to sink a 10-foot putt to salvage a bogey 5. That was the only green he failed to reach in the regulation number of strokes. His ball was in the rough only twice, and he was never in a bunker. Of both Nicklaus and Palmer the same could now be said: their shot-making was superb, and only the treacherous rolls in Baltusrol's greens had kept them from rounds in the low 60s. It was time for the confrontation.

As they started down the first fairway Saturday afternoon, the tournament now at its midpoint, Nicklaus was a stroke back of Palmer. Bill Casper, the defending champion, was just one behind Nicklaus. But on this day the shot-against-shot duel that the gallery of 19,598 anticipated with such relish quickly deteriorated into something resembling the consolation round at a taxi drivers' golf outing. Not since 1962, in the Open at Oakmont, had Palmer and Nicklaus been paired in a major championship while having a chance to win. The opportunity to get at each other was more than their golf swings could bear. By the time they reached the 8th tee they had thrashed their way through so much trouble that they had surrendered the lead by two strokes to Casper, who was playing just ahead of them. At that point Jack turned to Arnold and said, "Let's

THE STATISTICS OF SUCCESS

These figures, compiled by an IBM computerized scoring system, detail the leaders' performances at Baltusrol and show, under the "rank" columns, how they stood in the field. "Tee shots in fairway" excludes the four par-3 holes.

THE TOP FINISHERS	72-HOLE SCORE	GREENS IN REGULATION		TEE SHOTS IN FAIRWAY		YDS. OFF TEE: HOLES 10 & 17		NUMBER OF PUTTS		1-PUTT GREENS	3-PUTT GREENS	HOLES OVER PAR	HOLES UNDER PAR
		total	rank	total	rank	average	rank	total	rank				
1 NICKLAUS	275	61	1 T	37	18	276	13	130	24	17	3	11	36
2 PALMER	279	58	3	42	4	278	9	127	8	18	1	8	10
3 JANUARY	280	49	29	29	52	275	15	122	2	24	2	12	12
4 CASPER	282	48	40	37	18	256	55	123	3	24	3	12	10
5 TREVINO	283	56	6	35	27	267	34	131	27	16	3	11	9
6 BEMAN	284	51	22	39	14	263	38	125	6	19	2	13	10
7 DICKINSON	284	61	1 T	42	4	270	24	136	62	12	6	14	11
8 GOALBY	284	50	25	39	14	271	22	127	8	19	2	14	10
9 MARR	285	53	13	42	4	258	51	129	19	20	5	13	9
10 HAGLE	285	54	9	42	4	263	38	132	35	16	4	14	9
11 WALL	285	55	8	36	23	262	43	130	24	18	6	13	10

stop playing each other and play the golf course."

On they went without conspicuous improvement. Casper's lead increasing to four strokes. Finally, on the 16th green, each made a ridiculously poor short putt that would have given either of them his first birdie had it dropped. When Jack's rolled two feet past the hole, Arnold turned his back and began to laugh. "Nice stroke," he said to Nicklaus, a comment that he was applying to his own putt as well. The gallery joined in the mirth, and from that moment on—the tempo of the bad play broken—the 1967 U.S. Open was a different story.

In the remaining 20 holes Palmer was to post only one bogey, a performance that could well have presented his Army with the victory if screamed for, but Nicklaus was to make a phenomenal 10 birdies. His streak began at the 17th, where he hit an eight-iron to within 12 feet of the hole. The gallery watched numbly, but when Palmer's wedge landed only six feet away the crowd exploded with joy. Palmer walked onto the green to an enormous ovation; silence greeted Nicklaus. Then a wonderful lone voice burst out: "That's all right, Jack, I'm for ya." The vast gallery roared its amusement. Nicklaus tipped the peak of his visor in the direction of his fan, and sank his birdie putt.

The 18th hole was more of the same. Both drove long on this 542-yard par-5. Palmer hit a four-wood from the fairway that carried just over the green, and the gallery applauded enthusiastically. Nicklaus followed with a four-iron up the hill, and the silence of the thousands of people surrounding the green implied that the ball must have bounded away, maybe into the pro shop or down the driveway. Instead, it was 15 feet from the hole. From there Nicklaus two-putted for his second straight birdie. Minutes later he was a lone figure out on the practice tee. He worked on his game until darkness fell.

Thanks to their Saturday dedication to bloodgusting each other, Nicklaus and Palmer started the final round in a three-way tie for second place with Casper, who had run into a bogey streak himself. A stroke ahead of these three was Fleckman, the amateur. Once again Nicklaus and Palmer were paired, a freakish circumstance that tournament officials would have liked to avoid, especially in

view of the rabid nature of Arnie's Army, New Jersey Division. But the USGA system is to pair the field in order of the scoring. When players are tied, the man who turned in his score first is considered the leader in that category. Thus Fleckman, at 209, was paired on Sunday with Casper, who was the first man to post a 210 on Saturday. That left Nicklaus and Palmer, the other 210s, with nobody to play with but each other.

This time, however, Palmer and Nicklaus were determined not to let their personal rivalry overcome their concentration on the championship at hand. Within minutes Fleckman and Casper were no longer in the Open.

At the end of two holes Palmer, playing steady par golf, had taken the lead as Nicklaus bunkered his approach on the 2nd hole and took a bogey 5. Casper had already bogeyed the first hole, and Fleckman, obviously unnerved, could no longer hit the ball in a straight line. For a moment it looked as if the Army would have its way.

Nicklaus had other thoughts. He now began to hit some of the finest shots anyone is ever likely to see over an extended stretch of maximum-pressure golf. He birdied the 3rd hole from 12 feet, the 4th from four feet and the 5th from 13 feet. There was a slight interruption for a bogey at the 6th, and then he birdied the 7th from 22 feet and the 8th from 12 feet—five birdies in six holes that put him three under par and four strokes ahead of Palmer, who was unable to sink a decent putt and was being made to look like a duffer because he was merely getting par after par.

At the 10th, with his four-stroke lead looking larger and larger, Nicklaus unaccountably three-putted for his final bogey of the day. This misfortune actually produced a smattering of applause in the gallery, but Jack pressed on, striding Palmer fashion down the fairway, as his caddy and attending officials struggled to keep up. At the 13th he birdied again—from four feet—and at the 14th from five feet. Each time his hand went tentatively to the peak of his white visor to acknowledge the applause that by now was increasing as awareness of what it was seeing began to grip the crowd. Palmer obviously was not going to catch up, and the word was spreading: one more birdie and Nick-

laus would break the Open record of 276 that Hogan had set at Riviera way back in 1948.

The record was on Nicklaus' mind, but so was a parallel situation at last year's Open in San Francisco. That was when Palmer had the same mark with-in his grasp and became so absorbed by it that he forgot to beat Casper. "Records just come," Nicklaus later recalled reminding himself as he hammered out safe pars on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes. "Nobody should try to break a record. What you're here for is to win a golf tournament."

At the 17th Palmer sank his first birdie putt of the day, reducing the Nicklaus lead to four strokes. And that was how they stood on the tee of the 72nd and final hole of the tournament. Describing his thoughts afterward, Jack said, "All I was interested in was trying to make 6 or better. I felt like an idiot doing it, but I pulled out the one-iron and hit the ball down the right side away from all the trouble on the left. It landed in the rough next to some kind of obstruction. I don't know exactly what it was [a TV cable drum], and I got a free drop. To be safely short of the water, I used an eight-iron about 20 feet and hit it fat. That left me about 230 uphill yards from the green. When I got out on the fairway I said to Arnold, 'That was a stupid thing to do, wasn't it?' and Arnold kind of smiled and said, 'You said it. I didn't.'"

"So then I took out the one-iron again and hit it farther than I know how to hit it. Although I couldn't see where it landed, I knew it was on the green, and I had the tournament won."

With three putts left for victory, Nicklaus surveyed his final putt, a 22-foot, with all of his Germanic deliberation. At last he bent over, stroked it firmly and it rolled unhesitatingly into the middle of the cup for the birdie that broke Hogan's record.

As the ball dropped, Nicklaus swung his right foot high in the air (see cover), and the gallery gave forth its first true roar of appreciation for a magnificent golfing performance. Arnold, their leader, their favorite, had finished second, but on this day his defeat came at the hands of a man who was unbeatable. When Jack Nicklaus is at the top of his game, performing as he did on Sunday, he cannot be beaten. **END**

APPLE PIE, MOM AND MR. GURNEY



Following his Le Mans triumph, Dan Gurney (left) won even sweeter victory in the Belgian Grand Prix with his star-spangled Eagle car

by BOB OTTUM

Let joy be unrestrained, you image-conscious Americans. Let there be drinks all around and freestyle dancing in the streets. On one stunning afternoon this week the leanest, handsomest, least-ugly American of them all climbed into the car he calls the American Eagle and wrapped a famous European auto race in red, white and blue. As the Belgian Grand Prix growled to a finish in the slanting sunset over Spa, the only thing Dan Gurney had not done recently in Europe was leap tall buildings with a single bound.

Altogether it had been a remarkable three weeks in auto racing for America, Gurney and A. J. Foyt. First Foyt won the Indianapolis 500 (for big 4.2-liter single-seaters and visiting turbines) to reverse the trend to foreign champions. Then Foyt and Gurney seized the 24 Hours of Le Mans with a huge seven-liter Mark IV Ford, a so-called sports car prototype with fenders, lights, windshield wipers and all that.

But for the tall, blond Californian, last Sunday was the best of all. It was on a three-liter single-seater of his own creation that Gurney won in Belgium—at a record-breaking average speed of 145.988—and it was the first time in 46 years that an American car and driver had taken a Formula 1 race of such importance. No longer must Americans mumble, "Jimmy Murphy, French Grand Prix, Duesenberg, 1921," as an example of U.S. Grand Prix genius.

In the Belgian Grand Prix, the object is to drive an 8.76-mile network of tree-lined country roads as fast as you dare for 245 miles, through 170-mph curves and along 200-mph straightaways, all this in fragile little racers that look as if they will never make it. Winning gets a man nine points toward the world driving championship and a whole lot older all at once.

This was the fastest Grand Prix anywhere, ever, in history. At the finish behind Gurney came Scotland's Jackie Stewart in a BRM. He had driven his last 10 laps with a hunky gearbox, steering at top speed with one hand and holding the car in gear with the other. Behind him ran New Zealander Chris Amon in a Ferrari that, in spite of everything he could do, could not live up to its brilliant red paint job.

Only seven other cars finished, while eight more were broken and out of it and Ferrari Driver Mike Parkes lay in a nearby hospital with a broken leg.

The drivers obviously meant business right from the start of practice. The former world champion, Jimmy Clark, rilled around at 151.572 mph in a snarling new Lotus to win the pole, breaking John Surtees' old qualifying record of 144.68—and giving himself a scare. On the back straightaway, winging uphill at a clocked 193 mph, he had hit a low-flying bird so hard that it dented his rear-view mirror "about this far from my face." Then Gurney did 149.347 mph, and Hill 148.154 in a sister car to Clark's, and thus the American Eagle started the race sandwiched between a pair of Lotuses.

Both Lotuses were mean-looking, half-chassis affairs with front Ford of England V-8 engines. Designer-Builder Colin Chapman had produced a mini-monocoque chassis that ended behind the driver's seat. Engines and rear suspension setups were bolted aft. In action the cars flared past in green and yellow streaks, undulating like surfboards. This novel design had bounced Clark to victory a fortnight earlier in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort.

Then there was Jack Brabham's new car, lighter and sleeker than anything around, glittering with chrome fittings and deep green paint and now boasting a new Repco V-8 from Australia, no hint remaining of last year's Oldsmobile engine block. There were BRMs, Ferraris and Cooper-Maseratis, too, but it was the dark blue Eagle that caught the fancy of the Ardennes. Gurney's car was a 1,020-pound GP version of his Indy Eagles, considerably lightened for tricky road work. The new Gurney-Weslake V-12 engine—so new, in fact, that there are only five in various stages of readiness—cranks out something over 400 hp, all of it ringing through titanium tail pipes

that clink like fine champagne glasses when struck. Crankcase and cylinder heads are aluminum, many of the innards are magnesium and the ribs and suspension parts are titanium. "This space-age metal actually shortens the life of a car," Gurney said, "but nobody wants a car to live forever. What we want it to do is win races."

The three Ferrari entries sounded shrill and deadly, as Ferraris always do, but Franco Lini, who manages the Ferrari works team—perhaps because his middle name is Enzo—stood by the track and expressed a certain lack of confidence.

"At Spa," said Lini, "the engine it must take a great speeding. It is a great surferance to engines."

"This whole thing," said Stewart, "is an awful lot scarier than Indy. You should go down to some of those turns and see the cars wiggle. It is much faster than other circuits and you have to be a cowboy to ride it, but then I have always been a bit of a cowboy anyway."

Still, Stewart was conscious enough of the course's hazards—he had crashed and was seriously injured in a surprise rainstorm on the first lap last year—to show up in a uniform with a special bit of tape pasted across his chest. On it he had written, "Blood group O-Rh+."

The Spa circuit cuts through lush green countryside that obviously was subdivided by Hans Christian Andersen. It starts downhill, and at the beginning drivers stand on their brakes, revving their engines to high screams. Then the road rolls up around crowd-lined corners and down snaking turns into dark valleys in the shadow of Old World castles.

In the days before the race Gurney conducted a private, high-speed tour of the course, careening along in a Hertz Dodge Dart. "The real thrill," he said, "comes in these downhill curves, where the G-forces put your whole stomach over against your rib cage. This is it; this is the Olympics compared to an ordinary track meet."

Back in his black racing helmet inside the Eagle, his face creased by enormous dimples, Gurney summed it up: "The secret of Spa," he said, "is to make no violent moves. No sudden braking, no sudden sharp turns that can get you into trouble. Actually, it is a controlled violence that does it."

At the start on Sunday, Gurney slightly overdid the violence part; he

sat spinning his wheels, stirring up a small tornado of black smoke, before getting under way in sixth position. When the cars reappeared, Clark was in the lead as expected. Stewart was hot after him, with Chris Amon and Jochem Rindt behind and then Gurney in No. 5 spot. Graham Hill seemed to go directly from the starting line into the pits, where he disgustedly spent the rest of the day. In the early sparring Brabham, who had started in seventh spot, moved to fifth, Gurney to third.

Clark opened a long lead over both Stewart and Gurney, but then came a decisive moment of high drama. Clark whizzed into the pits and was immediately engulfed by a crew of men changing sparkplugs. Stewart, running second, flashed by, glanced over at the scene and promptly speeded up. Then Gurney wheeled in for what had to be the fastest pit stop in Formula 1 history. He leaned over to his crew, said something and pulled away while they were still posed where the car had been. Later Gurney revealed, "I simply said two words, 'Fuel pressure,' and pulled away. I did it so quickly my crew chief didn't know whether I meant it was good or bad." A few moments later Clark reentered the race in 11th place and began working up through the field, ultimately finishing sixth.

Gurney began to turn it on, fuel pressure be damned. On his 19th lap Dan set a new racing record of 148.217 mph, and on the next lap another: 148.848. It was on lap 22, with six laps to go, that he passed Stewart on the straight in front of the pits to take the lead for good. Afterward Gurney consoled his pit crew for the scary stop. "The fuel pressure was so low," he said, "that the car was starving to death on the straights. I couldn't believe it would straighten itself out, but as if by magic it cleared and the car began running smoothly. I could have run a little faster if I hadn't been so worried about it."

At the victory ceremony Gurney stood soldier-straight as the Belgians played a scratchy old recording of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and then to the crowd's surprised delight he plucked the blossoms from a big bouquet of roses and tossed them toward young ladies in the throng. Ah! that Gurney Ah! that Eagle. Ah! America.

END

THEY'RE STILL AT IT IN INDIANA

Summer does not stop the Hoosiers' favorite game, nor the boast that they produce the country's best players. Kentucky again took up the challenge and the anticipated war of the big men was only a sideshow **by KIM CHAPIN**



Shooting from one of his put positions.

In Indiana, almost everybody knows by now, the basketball season does not end in March, as it does elsewhere. Indeed, nothing really important happens in the sport until June, when Hoosiers from Elkhart to Evansville get the opportunity to prove theirs is the best basketball state in the Republic. From 1940 to 1955 there was little reason to dispute the claim as Indiana consistently defeated the second best state, Kentucky, in the annual high school All-Star games.

Then strange things began to happen. Kentucky, struggling for its reputation, got rid of its college coaches—who had tended to turn the game into a showcase for the players they had recruited for their own schools—and at the same time began playing Negroes. Soon, Kentucky was holding its own. In 1965 and 1966 Kentucky won four straight games. (There are two each June.) So Indiana turned around and made some changes of its own. Instead of picking its All-Stars by statewide vote of sportswriters and broadcasters, a blue-ribbon panel of 15, headed by Indiana's game director, Fred Coris, and Coach Cleon Reynolds, hand-picked the squad. The panel made sure there were no oddball characters included like Marv Winkler (SI, June 27, 1966) to complicate the task. And when

the team assembled on June 7 in Indianapolis the coaches isolated the players from the inevitable tumult and shouting and extracurricular stuffing at dairy bars.

Kentucky, still trailing in the series 23 games to 14, wasn't about to take matters lightly, however. In Louisville, Coach Don Morris held secret practice sessions, made sure everybody up north knew that his Jim McDaniels was an honest 7 feet tall ("He's really only 6' 11 3/4" barefoot," Morris later admitted) and brought along three assistants, one to help coach and two to chart everything from defensive rebounds to the number of times a Kentucky player visited the water cooler.

McDaniels, probably the best high school player in the country, was the main attraction in both camps, although only one or two Indiana players had seen him before last week. Kentucky used him as its chief weapon in the pregame psychological warfare. His statistics, 38.6 points and 25 rebounds per game, plus that elongated frame, seven inches of which he had acquired in the past 24 months, were frightening enough. But there was more, much more.

"I must have received 300 clippings on that boy since December," Indiana's Reynolds said. Fourteen of the best were

tacked on the wall of the Indiana Central College gym, where the Hoosiers worked out, with phrases like "best player in the country" and "unstoppable" underlined in blood-red ink. And the final touch was a rumor spread by Kentuckians that the Boston Celtics had offered McDaniels a \$100,000 bonus to turn pro right now, maybe because he had grown himself a Bill Russell goatee.

There were other Kentuckians, of course, especially Clarence Glover, a 6' 8" center who was beating McDaniels consistently in practice, and Jim Rose, a four-time all-star. Both of them, like McDaniels, will play for Western Kentucky starting this fall. In fact, of the 11 Kentucky All-Stars, five signed with Western's Johnny Oldham, and as a final affront to the University of Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, who once had a corner on everybody in the Bluegrass, even the team manager is going to Western.

To counter McDaniels' scary reputation, Reynolds first saw to it that three centers were named to his All-Stars instead of the expected two. "I'm afraid he'll run over our first two boys," he said. Then he signed on Hallie Bryant as an assistant and made Gregg Northington, a 6' 10 1/2" center, Bryant's special project. Bryant was "Mr. Basketball" in



Kentucky's Jim Rose gets two of the 28 points that made her the All-Star game's high scorer.

Indiana in 1953 and has been with the Harlem Globetrotters for eight years. A week before the Hoosier team assembled he began working on Northington, trying to instill in him the idea he could hold his own with McDaniels. It wasn't an easy job, but Bryant had an advantage over a lot of other people. He attended Crispus Attucks High School in Indianapolis. Northington attended Wood and both are located in Negro ghettos. Bryant could at least talk to Northington, by nature a reticent kid. "Don't let that fool you," Bryant said. "Basketball's the only thing Gregg's ever had. When you grow up in a place like he did, you learn to shield yourself."

It seemed obvious that if Indiana was to have any chance at all, it depended on Northington's ability to do something with McDaniels. With Bryant's help, Northington quietly got ready, and the night before the game he even showed a bit of emotion. When McDaniels was introduced at a banquet Northington looked up and but his ever-present toothpick in half.

Reynolds, though, wasn't convinced. "If you've got a 6' 10" boy you've got to use him," he said. "He doesn't do you any good sitting on the bench. But, man, he didn't learn anything in high school.

All he did there was stand around with his hands in the air. When he jumps he doesn't get more than an inch off the ground. When you don't jump against somebody like McDaniels you eat leather. I just hope McDaniels has a bad night and we can hold him to 28 points or so and stop the rest of 'em."

McDaniels, meanwhile, took all the uproar he had caused with admirable calm. The night before the game he told Kentucky's Morris, "If you want to use me as a decoy it's all right. I'll go scoreless if it will help us beat Indiana."

McDaniels almost did go scoreless. The 14,565 fans who jammed themselves inside Butler University's Hinkle Fieldhouse waving scorecard-fans like a convention of butterflies to combat the end of a massive Midwest heat wave expected to see the traditional duel of the big men. McDaniels and Northington definitely had a duel, but it wasn't very traditional, and it was not at all what anyone expected.

They were matched up all right—the man-to-man defenses employed by both teams saw to that—but instead of a high-scoring, high-rebounding free-for-all, what took place was more like a street brawl. When they were on the court together they spent their time claw-

ing and scratching at each other with complete disdain for the rule book. It got so bad that at one point the referees had to warn them to cut out the wrestling.

The game itself was a bit of an anticlimax. Both teams were obviously tense and nervous and their play reflected it. Kentucky shot just 40% from the floor and Indiana was worse with 32%. More important, while McDaniels and Northington carried on their own private war, Kentucky came up with two little men, Rose and Glenn Montgomery, 6' 3" and 6' 1" respectively, who hit superbly from the outside and threatened several times to make a rout of the whole affair. Rose, working from the left side, shot consistently while the defense sagged. He utilized his picks and screens well or drove the base line himself and finished the game as high scorer with 25 points to lead Kentucky's decisive 79-67 win. Kentucky never trailed after a three-point play by Rose put it ahead early in the first half.

Until the last seven minutes, in fact, no big man really distinguished himself. Glover fouled out with 14 minutes remaining and just two points to his credit; McDaniels followed seven minutes later with two field goals and seven points after sitting out most of the second half because he had four fouls. With those two out of the way, Northington finally went to work offensively. In the space of five minutes he hit five field goals in seven attempts and nearly rallied Indiana to a victory all by himself. Twice the Hoosiers came to within six points in the final minutes after trailing by as many as 14 early in the half, but on both occasions Rose or Montgomery or somebody picked up a field goal here, a three-point play there, to keep Indiana dangling.

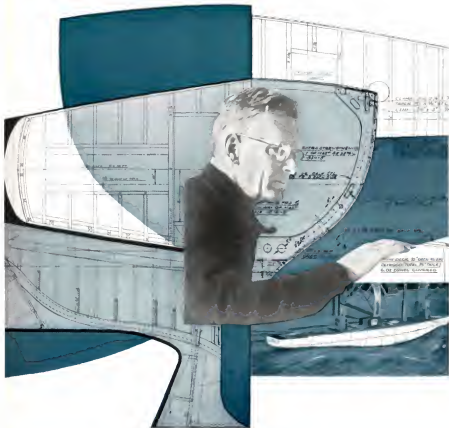
Before the game Reynolds, who was twice the losing coach in 1966, had said, "If we don't win Saturday there may be a rope hanging from the top of the field house after the game—with me at the end of it."

That, of course, didn't happen, but this Saturday it's a good bet Reynolds will cast a wary eye toward the rafters of Louisville's Freedom Hall when the second game begins.

AND

A BOAT IS BORN

Three years ago, in an effort to defend the America's Cup, a group of U.S. yachtsmen commissioned a boat that was later described as 'the ultimate' in 12-meter design. Now, faced with another challenge,



the U.S. has bought herself a still newer 12 that many hope will prove even more ultimate than the ultimate. Artist Donald Moss watched much of the building of this ultrultimate craft at a New York City

yacht yard. North American Sailing Champion William Cox observed her first performance in competition. Their initial impressions, artistic and expert, are recorded on these and the following six pages.



"INTREPID'S" LINES,

like those of all but one of the last four cup defenders, were conceived in the brain of Yacht Designer Ole Stephens. International racing's most successful architect spent close to two years refining the plans for what became known as Hull No. 15 and tank-testing the results before he settled on the final unique two-ruddered vessel shown here.

MAKING PLANS COME TO LIFE is the special genius of Milt Helversen, the layout foreman who has supervised the translation of many of Stephens' designs into reality on the lofting floor. It was the lofting department's job to see

that the patterns for all the parts of "Intrepid's" complex 64-foot frame were laid out full scale to the most exacting tolerances so that the blueprints would precisely match the completed 13-meter



MINNEFORD



MORE THAN 20 TONS OF LEAD were molded into a carefully shaped mass to form the ballast keel of the new boat. Once the lead was lowered into place under the supervision of P.N. Davis, longtime general manager of New

York's famed Minneford Yacht Yard, construction proper began. The curious dinosaur-shaped piece of laminated mahogany that appears about to be bolted to the keel is called the "horn timber."

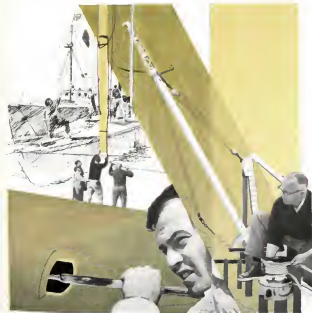
CONTINUED

'INTREPID' continued



MANY SKILLED ARTISANS

were required to perform the tricky and arduous tasks of putting the new hull together. Their sawing, planing, peeling, filling and bolting were consistently supervised not only by yard foremen and representatives of Sparkman & Stephens but by an official measurer and a man from Lloyd's Register who were watchdogging construction details.



AN 87-FOOT MAST

was carefully stepped in the hall to complete the new 12 ss Engineer Don Weikman and Syndicate Representative Paul Cable lost a hand. It was one of two flexible spars that were built for "Intrepid" on the West Coast. The other, being tested for the first time, broke in two in a light breeze during a relatively quiet sail on Long Island Sound last week.

ness become in recent years a little que non of cup defenses. Even the Australian challenger, "Greatest," came to Newport five years ago wearing tails woven and cut by then 22-year-old Hood. A new ruling prevents the Aussies from using 43 inch cloth, and the Americans aboard "Tetragram" will sail with new Hoods for maximum speed.



THE NEW YORK TIMES SATURDAY APRIL 29, 1967

500 Watch 12-Meter
Enter Water at
City Island

**Yacht Has 3 Wheels
for Handling Her
Two Rudders**

There were three wheels for
hauling the rubble mixed at
the construction site immediately
west from the "steaming rubber"
and the other two for the tank and
the other wheel right opposite.
Then up what would happen
when the men working said the
sign on the tank got their signals
changed.

The A-1's withdrew of the
tanks were not discussed with
their crews as it is slower

...that they are all 45-100
...and that they are all 45-100
...and that they are all 45-100
...and that they are all 45-100

and a bottle of champagne that characteristically declined to shatter. The brand-new 12-meter was dropped overboard to Monstress Vecht. Yard President Henry Sayens smiled happily at a job well done. But "Intrepid's" own job—that of earning the right over other U.S. contenders to defend against the Australians—was just beginning.



With *Bus Mosbacher* (left) at her helm, America's newest 12 made her debut against three older boats. The former skipper of one of them, "*American Eagle*," discusses the newcomer's performance

'INTREPID' A LIKELY WINNER

by **BILL COX**

No. 22, *Intrepid*, is the only completely new 12-meter to be built in the U.S. for the forthcoming America's Cup defense against Australia's Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. Her designer: Olin J. Stephens II, who also designed the successful American defenders *Ranger* (1937), *Columbia* (1958) and *Constellation* (1964). Her skipper: Emul (Bus) Mosbacher Jr., successful defender of the America's Cup with *Weatherly* in 1962 against the Australians' *Gretel*. Her owners: The *Intrepid* Syndicate, headed by William J. Strawbridge.

The new boat's most unusual external

features are her short overall length (less than 64 feet), her long sailing waterline, a "knuckle" in the profile of her bow and her two rudders: one hung aft on a skeg, to be used only for steering; the other hung farther forward and lower on the aft edge of the keel, to be used as a "trailing edge flap" in much the same manner as the flap on an airplane wing. Both rudders can be linked together to give the boat a smaller turning radius for maneuvering in close quarters. *Intrepid's* weight distribution, moreover, is unusually well centered and unusually low, because of a novel winch arrangement

devised by Stephens and Mosbacher that puts the winch grinders out of sight below deck.

Intrepid's only serious competition for the honor of defending the cup so far has been provided by *American Eagle* (U.S. 12 No. 21, built in 1964, and runner-up that year to *Constellation* in the Final Trials for selection of an American defender against the British). *Eagle* was designed by Bill Luders. Her new skipper is George R. Hinman, formerly commodore of the New York Yacht Club and formerly president of the North American Yacht Racing Union. Her owners: The American Eagle Syndicate, comprising many members but headed by Reynolds duPont, Clayton Ewing and H. Irving Pratt. *Eagle's* improvements since 1964 include the changing of her keel cross section to a modern V at the bottom, reduced rudder area; the moving of her mast a foot aft and her jibstay a foot forward. These changes will permit her to carry larger jibs, a spinnaker pole two feet longer and will provide a higher-aspect-ratio mainsail. *Eagle* also has special "exotic" standing rigging that gives her less windage and less weight aloft than any other 12-meter. This equipment was donated in 1964 by the Alkesheny Ludlum Steel Corporation but was not used on *American Eagle* until this year.

The other 12s sailing against *Eagle* and *Intrepid* in the Preliminary Trials on Long Island Sound two weeks ago were *Eagle's* old rival, *Constellation*, and the 1962 defender, *Weatherly*. *Constellation*, No. 20, was built in 1964 and successfully defended the America's Cup that year against the British, under the skillful helming of Bob Bayer Jr. Chartered from her new owners and brought back from Europe by the *Intrepid* Syndicate, she is serving as a trial horse for *Intrepid* under Skipper Robert W. McCullough. She was competing virtually unchanged, except for the hard use given her original sails during the past two years abroad.

Weatherly, No. 17, was built in 1958 and defended the cup four years later with Bus Mosbacher at the helm. Chartered by T. Patrick Dougan as a summer-long trial horse for his almost completely rebuilt *Columbia*, which had not yet arrived on the East Coast from California in time for the Preliminary Trials,

she was serving as a stand-in for the California boat and a training ship for Helmsman Briggs Cunningham and his crew.

Such being the case, any attempt to predict now which U.S. 12-meter boat will eventually be selected to defend the cup in September off Newport, R.I. is like attempting to pick the winner of a baseball game after watching the teams warm up. But I'll try.

An America's Cup race is like a wrestling match—just two contestants, each trying to get a grip on the other. The wrestling can begin up to 10 minutes before the start of the race itself, and at the starting gun neither contestant really cares how late he is at the line as long as his opponent is later. Paired against *Weatherly* in the first race, *Intrepid* blocked her opponent to leeward of the line before the gun and subsequently pulled into a huge lead upwind. Then, on the second leg, *Intrepid* somehow failed to defend herself properly, and old *Weatherly*, heading higher into a new breeze, actually led the brand new boat at the next mark. But the miracle faded fast when *Weatherly* failed to work back into the stronger part of the new breeze, thus allowing *Intrepid* to sail around her into a lead of 1:36 at the third mark. Coming home to the finish on a beam reach in a freshening breeze, *Weatherly* wisely refrained from setting a spinnaker. *Intrepid*, however, set hers, then had trouble getting it down. Result: *Weatherly* gained 0:46 on the final leg, to lose by only 0:50 over 23½ miles—a moral victory for the old girl, if not an actual one.

In the second race, first pairing, *Intrepid* came close to being out maneuvered on the starting line by *American Eagle*, but got the better start at the last moment when *Eagle* unaccountably crossed late. From then on *Intrepid* relentlessly widened her lead, until on the second leg she committed a kind of error never seen before in 12-meter racing on Long Island Sound: she rounded the wrong buoy! By the time *Eagle* showed *Intrepid* her mistake and *Intrepid* retraced her track to rectify the error, *Eagle* had the race sewed up with a lead of over half a mile. Throughout the remaining 17 miles of the course, however, *Intrepid* did gain time on *Eagle* on every

leg, finishing only 1:02 behind. *Eagle* supporters were outwardly jubilant; but in their hearts they must have sensed that it was another example of the tortoise beating the hare.

When *Constellation* met *Intrepid* in the third race, the start was memorable for the fact that McCullough definitely outmaneuvered Mosbacher—the only clear-cut loss of a start suffered by Mosbacher in all his eight races. *Intrepid* won the race, however, by 1:44.

A notable highlight of the racing was the tremendous superiority of *Intrepid* over *American Eagle* in the eighth and final race when, in the best breeze of the series, *Intrepid* gained on every leg of the course to win by the crushing margin of 5:34—a lot of distance in a wind of whitecap strength. In the other pairing in that breeze, *Constellation* beat *Weatherly* by 1:47.

On the windward legs, no boat was anywhere near the equal of the new *Intrepid*, either in pointing or in footing. And such superiority will count all the more in the final trials off Newport, where half of the six legs on the America's Cup course are dead to windward.

To leeward, *Intrepid* from time to time was gained upon by some of the older boats in light air. But in the fresher breezes she was as supreme in running as she was to windward.

In scoring the total wins and losses of each boat in the eight races each sailed, *Intrepid* dominated the fleet, followed by *American Eagle*, *Constellation* and *Weatherly* in that order. Referring to his one loss to *Eagle* when he rounded the wrong buoy, Bus generously said, "Olin Stephens was well on his way to winning all *Intrepid's* eight races for us—till we chose that wrong buoy. . . ."

As to my predictions of what is likely to happen later this summer off Newport: a) For U.S. defender, barring further catastrophes like the loss of a mast, it looks as if *Intrepid* will simply select herself—except that *Columbia* is a revitalized unknown that just might make a contest out of the Final Trials; b) For the America's Cup match itself, I pick the American defender to be successful against the Australian challenger. Sorry, *Dame Pattie*, but that's the way I see it. END

In an informal chat at his Los Angeles home, California's Ronald Reagan whose outdoor interests have ranged from The Gipper to broadmoors reveals his thoughts on conservation, racing and the need for room to relax

THE GOVERNOR TALKS OF SPORT

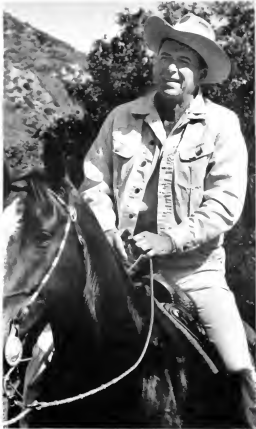
by ALFRED WRIGHT

On the way, the streets are like child-
ish doodles inscribed on the gentle
slopes of the hills overlooking the plain
of Los Angeles. Having twisted your way
up from the caricues of Sunset Boul-
evard, you see the flat mirror of ocean in
the hazy distance. The neat houses
crowded the winding streets, all vigorously
gardened with the flora of the subtropics
—palmettos, bougainvillea and patches
of pachysandra and ivy ground cover to
hold the hillside upright. The neighbor-
hood has been christened Pacific Palis-
ades, and if you had \$60,000 or so it was
the good new place to build a house after

World War II when most of the best
Beverly Hills real estate had already been
occupied. The rising generation of suc-
cessful actors, writers and directors took
root there, followed in time by the elec-
tronics executives and the arrivistes of
savings and loan.

The roads are beginning to dwindle,
and you are almost at hilltop when you
reach the Ronald Reagan residence, now
hidden from view by a dozen years of
lush foliage. Up the brief driveway is
a house in California ranch style, con-
temporary but comfortably conventional
like its owner. It could just as well be the

house of any of the neighbors until you
reach the parking area in the back and
find the state highway patrolman sitting
in a squad car. His presence testifies that
the governor is at home—back in south-
ern California for a weekend of cere-
monials: an Academy Award function, the
opening of a new civic theater downtown,
a baseball game at Anaheim. Drama and
sport. Both essential ingredients of this
rapidly filling landscape along 1,200
miles of the Pacific shore, and it was to
these the governor was paying his respects
on this particular weekend—a happy
respite from the budget and politics.



The windows of the large living room look out over the sprawling panorama of the new city, but the governor sits at a table in a somber corner near the front hall, eating lunch with an aide. It is the spartan lunch of a man who takes care of his figure—chicken noodle soup, a toasted-cheese sandwich and a dish of fresh fruit.

This is a working day, but one away from the minute-to-minute pressures of Sacramento, and the governor is relaxed. He wears a knitted sports shirt and yellow linen slacks that accentuate his fitness, and his brown suede shoes are a reminder of the actor's blood in his veins. On the nearby piano are the framed photographs of family and friends—General Eisenhower, Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater serving as milestones along the new road, Colleen Moore and Lillian Gish as memories of the past. The paintings on the walls are tasteful and unspectacular—no big names.

The governor is talking about a helicopter trip that he and his wife had just taken to Palm Springs for a night with friends. "I was struck, as I always am," he was saying, "by the endless stretches of housing, almost as far as the mountains. All you see are those miles of houses and practically no recreational areas."

The vast, inescapable dilemma of California comes to the governor's mind—every week roughly 10,000 new arrivals in his state, half a million immigrants a year, the "westward tilt," as it has been called. These people come from the anemic farmlands of the South and the dark slums of the East looking for jobs and fresh air and room for a man to grow. Yet their very presence is destroying what they seek, replacing it with noxious fumes and bungalow ghettos. "It is my feeling," the governor went on, "that one of our biggest needs today is to provide some place for the children in these homes to be able to go out and play. I think it is a much more immediate problem than providing wilderness areas for those relatively few people who like to put a pack on their backs and go into the mountains for a week. Of course, it is important to provide for both, but unless we can furnish space for the people in those houses we will have something like the big metropolitan areas of the East, where there is little or no recreational area for the people

who can't afford to take trips." As he speaks, the governor tilts his head to one side with just the trace of an eager smile on his face. He is sincerely concerned and he is reaching out for sympathy and understanding.

"I know a builder," he continues, "who is putting up a housing development north of Sacramento, and he has done a very interesting thing. He has a 368-acre tract on which he is selling 200 one-acre lots. Everyone who buys one of these lots also buys an undivided share in the remaining 168 acres, which will be a kind of park in the middle of the development. It will take a 75% vote of the shareholders to change the status of this community land, but it is conceivable that if the tax load on this area became too heavy the shareholders might be forced to subdivide it and ruin one of the great assets of their community. This kind of project should be looked at and studied, and we ought to find some way to encourage the private development of such recreational areas through some kind of tax benefit.

"I think rapid transit is a good parallel illustration. I am opposed to a state subsidy for rapid transit, such as those now under consideration for San Francisco and Los Angeles. Why should you tax the guy in Visalia to get the fellow in Los Angeles to work on time? I think these new programs for the benefit of a particular community, whether it is recreation or rapid transit or whatever, should be self-liquidating and paid for by bonds or some other form of borrowing instead of by state taxes."

Like so much that Reagan says, it all sounds reasonable—plausible, his opponents might prefer. He took the plunge into politics on the noble assumption that there is a place in government for the high-minded "citizen-politician," the man who abandons the pleasure and profit of private life to bring some common sense to the halls of bureaucracy. His ungrateful opponents—who insist on deliberately mispronouncing his name as if it were Reagan and whose favorite denigration is to refer to him as an actor—just shudder whenever Reagan gives out with his thoughts on such matters as conservation and wildlife, or any other subject that involves the conflict between the use of public funds and private financing.

"Reagan's rhetoric," says an old-school San Francisco Democrat, "is the Chinese dinner of politics. At first you think he has given you some meaty idea to chew on, but after you have thought it over awhile you find it has no real substance. It leaves you empty."

Among the thorniest problems that Reagan has had to face during the first tumultuous months of his administration has been the dispute over a national park in the redwood forests of northern California, a matter of almost cataclysmic concern to conservationists. On the one side is the Sierra Club, an organization of intense conservationists founded by John Muir in 1892, which has been struggling for years on behalf of a national forest to protect one of the last major stands of these noble trees. On the other side is the lumber industry, which until quite recently has harvested the trees at such an alarming rate as to threaten them with extinction, save for some 50,000 acres that have been protected in California state parks.

Early in 1966—at about the time when Reagan's campaign for governor was picking up momentum—President Johnson endorsed the plan for a redwood national park, thus virtually insuring a park of some form and dimension. The question was what and how much.

During a speech before lumbermen in San Francisco a short time later, Reagan was quoted as saying, "A tree is a tree—how many do you need to look at? See one and you've seen them all." This, of course, set the conservationists to whining like a buzz saw for, without the strong help of the governor of the state, not just the remaining stands of virgin redwoods but much of the rest of California's superb wilderness and scenic marvels might disappear under the avalanche of new population.

Now Reagan is the governor, and his position has proved to be much more temperate than his if-you've-seen-one remark might suggest. He cites statistics to show that only about 6,000 to 8,000 acres of what he calls the "seismic, cathedral-like redwoods"—those immense virgin trees that tower as high as 368 feet and date back more than 2,000 years—are now unprotected and that half of these are earmarked for future protection.

"I don't know any subject on which

continued

there is more misinformation," the governor complains. "The truth of the matter is that we have preserved the redwoods. We have very stringent lumbering laws about cutting trees in the watersheds. But basically you must remember that a redwood park is not a place for recreation. It is just a place where you go to look at trees. When you are talking about the use of these redwood parks you are talking about no more than 100 days a year at best.

"In considering the redwood problem, you have to measure the value of the trees as a scenic resource against their value as lumber to be used by the people for building. You have to ask yourself, Where is the middle ground?"

Having asked himself this question, the governor recently made an appointment that is nothing if not on the middle ground. As administrator of the Resources Agency he named Norman B. Livermore Jr., a rugged Californian whose lineage goes back to the Gold Rush. Livermore spends his summers on pack trips into the Sierra wilderness, and he served for 10 years as a director of the Sierra Club. So far so good in the eyes of conservationists. But Livermore was also treasurer of Pacific Lumber Company, the largest harvester of redwoods in the country, and even if it has a history of being praised by conservationists for its model operations, it is, after all, in the business of cutting down trees.

On Livermore's advice Reagan joined with Senator Thomas Kachel to endorse one of the three competing plans for the redwood national park. And both before and since Reagan has expounded on a plan he has in mind for exchanging some of the state-owned land that will be needed for the national park for some glorious stretches of beach property in southern California, where the Federal Government now operates Camp Pendleton and other such potential recreation properties.

"We're going to be darned tough traders," too," Reagan added with a smile that afternoon at his home. Perhaps Reagan learned something from "The Gipper," the Notre Dame football hero whom he somewhat less than immortalized in the *Knute Rockne* movie. Like George Gipp, the governor is demonstrating a knack for turning an apparent setback into last-minute victory.

The governor's thoughts on conserva-

tion were interrupted by a commotion at the front door, and in came Nancy Reagan, who had been out shopping. The governor rose and embraced her, and they clung together affectionately for a moment as if one of them had returned from a long voyage, not just a Westwood shopping center. Alongside his slim, rather petite wife, the governor stood much taller (he is 6 feet 11) than one expects. And with his blue eyes no longer peering severely over the tops of his Ben Franklin spectacles, there was an open friendliness to his face that could never have been learned on the Warner Brothers' sound stages.

With his wife in the house, an ease came over the governor. He talked of more personal matters—including his interest in Thoroughbreds, his love of riding and how, as with so many things, his enthusiasm for horses no longer could be quite so casual.

California has had a topsy-turvy racing history. Toward the end of the 19th century more Thoroughbreds were foaled in California than in any other section of the U.S., and the silks of such breeders as Leland Stanford and James Ben Ali Haggin were almost as famous as the bonanza that financed them. It was a freewheeling frontier society, and during the early years of the 20th century some highbinders who would make modern baseball tycoons look like scout-masters moved in on racing. Eventually even the big breeders could no longer stand the aroma their sport was exuding, so racing was outlawed. This condition lasted until a new racing law legalized pari-mutuel betting in 1933.

In the years since Santa Anita opened, California has offered some of the best and the worst in Thoroughbred racing. Around Los Angeles, where Santa Anita and Hollywood Park have presented 55 days of winter and summer racing respectively, the quality of the sport has been superb. At the three tracks around San Francisco—the now defunct Tanforan, Bay Meadows and the newer Golden Gate Fields—racing has never quite achieved complete respectability. As a result, a truly first-class California stable can find only 110 days of racing at home with adequate purses and a satisfactory program. To stand any chance of showing a profit, it has to ship to eastern tracks for the remainder of the racing season.

By comparison, New York, with a

population slightly less than that of California, has 64 more days of racing and extracts \$29 million more in tax revenue from the sport. Stimulated by a recent study by the Stanford Research Institute, the California legislature is currently in the process of rewriting its outdated Horse Racing Law to permit continuous Thoroughbred racing at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park through the first seven months of the year and some simultaneous racing at the northern tracks. The new provisions for Thoroughbred racing are practically without enemies. But problems have arisen over harness and quarter-horse racing, neither of which has achieved the same degree of respectability or popularity that it has in other parts of the U.S.

When he discusses racing Reagan is dealing with a subject he enjoys. For 16 years he has owned a 300-acre ranch in the Malibu hills behind the famous beach colony, and there he has ridden and raised Thoroughbreds. "It is just a small operation," he says modestly, "but until I got mixed up in all this politics a couple of years ago I had half a dozen mares on the place and usually produced four or so foals a year, which I sent to the Del Mar Sales. It was just middle-bracket stock, not Kentucky Derby quality or anything like that."

Early this year, however, Reagan sold the ranch to 20th Century-Fox, which owns the adjoining property, and he now has only one broodmare. "I couldn't have afforded to do what I'm doing if I didn't sell," he says.

It is not surprising that the governor strongly supports the new racing bill, which everyone assumes will pass the current session of the legislature. In a recent interview with the *Daily Racing Form*, a publication that gets very little circulation in governors' mansions, Reagan spelled out his philosophy in a way that even the most critical horseman would have to applaud. "My approach to legislation concerning racing," he said, "is that we must resist those who think of it only as a source of tax revenue. Already the state is the biggest winner in the racing business. Any legislation must approach racing from the standpoint that it is a sport. . . . I personally believe that there is nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse."

"My first love, of course, is the horse as something to ride. I dearly love

hunters. Thoroughbreds usually make the best hunters, and a moderately successful Thoroughbred-production business makes it economically possible for a farm to be self-sustaining. In other words, carry the hunters along with the sales business."

Some of those whose love runs more to Standardbreds, or at least the ones that get hitched up to racing sulkies, fear that the governor's affection for horses stops somewhere short of their particular form of racing. For one thing, experience in other states has shown that harness racing thrives at night on half-mile tracks, and Reagan has said "I do not favor and am personally opposed to night racing." California has no night racing now. It is a matter, however, that Reagan is quite willing to leave up to the judgment of the public and the legislature, with one qualification: "If you are going to have it," he told a press conference not long ago, "I do not believe it should come as just night harness racing or night any-other-kind-of-adjective racing. It should simply be night racing, open to anyone who wants to take a crack at it. It should not be restricted as a kind of monopoly practice to one form of racing."

Those who would understand Reagan as a political animal could do no better than study his stand on this subject. Realizing there is strong sentiment for night racing in his state, he is perfectly willing to bow to the majority decision even though it may not jibe with his own convictions. The democratic process, square as this may sound, is to Reagan a sacred way of life, just like all of the other quadrilateral American ideals he brought with him when he came to California from the little town of Dixon in northern Illinois and which he later transferred to the screen in the form of one character or another.

For a dozen years before Reagan entered California politics his schedule as host of television's *General Electric Theater* allowed him stretches of four or five days in a row on his ranch. He could school his hunters, swim in the pool, golf to his 8 handicap at Bel Air and otherwise lead the vigorous life that is now becoming as much a part of a politician's appeal as stenorian hyperbole was in the days of William Jennings Bryan. And this came naturally to a man who had been a lifeguard at Dixon's Lowell Park in his youth, played on

the football team and captained the swimming team at Eureka (Ill.) College and started professional life as a sports announcer, first for football games and later for the Chicago Cubs. Ironically, once he took office in Sacramento, there was no longer time for the very activities that might have done such wonders for his image in a state where sport is an industry that rivals citrus culture.

After three months of confinement to his office, the governor—spurred by some gentle prodding from Nancy Reagan—rebelled. He recalls that he had to "alter this pattern or I'd be no good to myself or anyone else. I decided to have a horse shipped up to a ranch near Sacramento where I could at least get out and ride now and then."

So far, the rebellion is not in the Dodge category, but it shows promise. The governor has been doing some riding of late, and he and Nancy, accompanied by a large delegation of the capital press corps, went on a weekend skiing trip into the Sierra. During his Palm Springs visit there was a morning of golf on Publisher Walter Annenberg's private course, although Reagan admits that "when my friends allow me a 16 handicap they are not being generous." So far, the governor is a long way from challenging Bobby Kennedy for Mr. Vigorous of 1967, but he is breathing a little fresh air.

Reagan's sporting background, however, may yet develop into a political asset that neither he nor the voters had anticipated during his surprising vault into the governor's office. Henceforth he will need all the persuasion he can muster to guard horse racing from the depredations of politicians who would milk it for every possible tax dollar, as has been happening in New York. He must keep a stern eye on boxing, which has displayed signs of new life in California. Fish and game management is a source of perennial contention in a state that issues more hunting and fishing licenses combined than any other in the Union.

Last year the taxes on sport and recreation in California contributed \$149 million to the state's budget. That figure alone is sufficient to make the subject of considerable importance to a governor whose major promise to the voters was to put their government on a sound fiscal basis.

END

Cutty Sark America's No. 1 selling Scotch



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Bright Faces of the Future

Except for a continuing chronicle of their deeds, there is little left to say about Jim Ryun, Ralph Boston and Tommie Smith, not to mention Randy Matson, Jim Hines and Gerry Lindgren. But what do you know about Pete Romero, Marty Liquori, Jerry Proctor or Dave Morton? Probably not much—but you will soon. Together with the other athletes shown on the following pages they form a remarkable group of high-schoolers. Next week the best of them will be after national AAU titles, and should you wonder how well they will do, consider these performances. Romero (opposite), who runs 15 miles every morning through the vineyards of northern California, did a 156.6 half, 4.15 mile and two miles in 8:53, all in the same day. Just recently Liquori ran a mile 4 second over four minutes, Proctor jumped right into the world class with Boston and Morton found himself matching strides with San Jose State's Lee Evans in a 46-flat leg of a mile relay. For those who worry about the U.S.'s continued domination of Olympic track and field, there is simple advice: forget it.



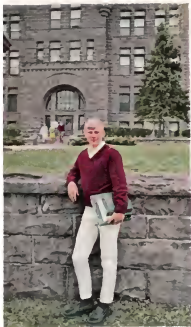


Soaring Jerry Proctor (left), 17, a senior at Muir High in Pasadena, Calif., may be the most talented of the youngsters. An expert hurdler, he has also broad-jumped 25' 9".

Smiling student at right is Mark Murro, 18-year-old javelin thrower of Essex Catholic, Newark. He is 6' 1", weighs 225, and just this May set a scholastic record of 252' 8".

Lean and supremely competitive, 17-year-old Marty Liquori, also of Essex, has overcome mononucleosis to become the most promising schoolboy miler since Jim Ryun.





Doug Smith (above left), a slim 17-year-old junior at Sioux City (Iowa) Central, expects to run a sub-four-minute mile before the year is out.

Doug Greenwood (above) is only 15 but already is a star athlete at Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn. He has thrown the hammer 176' 8".



A giant in the decathlon, sprinter-weightman Bill Blanchard (left) of Reedley (Calif.) High is the U.S.'s best all-round high school athlete.

Lenky Dave Morton (right), who has run a 46.7 quarter, anchors the record mile-relay team at Spring Branch Memorial High of Houston.





Lightly built Robert Yslas (left) 17, is a distance runner with endless staying power. A junior at Madera (Calif.) High, he has run six miles in 30:18 and the two miles in 9:10.

Surrounded by his young admirers (right), big (190-pound) Jim Jackson of Boys' High, Brooklyn is 18 and holder of two national indoor records at 880 and 1,000 yards.

High Jumper Tom Clyburn, using the old-fashioned Western roll, cleared 6' 10" last year as a 16-year-old junior at Balboa High in San Francisco to set a state record





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Recently **Calvin L. Rampton** (below, with paddle), governor of Utah, joined the annual Friendship Cruise, a two-day expedition 110 miles on the Green River to the Colorado River and 86 miles on up the Colorado to Moab. Rampton was the first Utah governor to undertake the trip, and quite a crowd gathered on shore to see him off. As everyone who has ever seen anybody off on anything knows, what is wanted on such occasions is a prompt departure, but of the 612 bouts leaving on the Friendship Cruise only 611 got off. The 612th was, of course, Governor Rampton's. A large cable had mysteriously caught on its motor housing. The crowd of people hung around waving goodbye and making feeble jokes while Skipper Tedd Tuttle struggled vainly to free the craft, until finally someone got off the line—"I wonder if it's a political tie?"—and, mercifully, the boat got off with it.

The Cincinnati Reds were waiting around to start an exhibition game with the Bears in Denver last week, and to pass the time they arranged a foot race between their two coaches,

46-year-old **Ray Shore** and **Whitney Wietelmann**, 48. Shore joggled to victory in what might be described as the 60-yard creep he had weighed in at about 235 pounds and opponent Wietelmann at some five pounds less. Wietelmann's backers claimed that Shore jumped the gun, but there will be no rematch. Shore announced stoutly, "I won fair and square."

Boston Celtic Larry Siegfried did not turn up in Painesville, Ohio last Saturday when his ex-roommate, **John Havlicek**, married his ex-girl friend, Beth Evans. Other friends did attend the wedding, including Celtics Bill Russell, K. C. Jones, Don Nelson, General Manager Red Auerbach and, most pertinently, Havlicek's old buddy, Jerry Lucas. Now, John Havlicek and Jerry Lucas are two of the cleanest-living young men you would want to find—nonsmoking milk-drinkers both—so when the two innocents got next to the liquor at the bachelor party before the wedding, it was like babies finding the matches. It is not known exactly what all went into the drinks Lucas mixed. He did not have sufficient experience, ap-

parently, to fetter his imagination, and he seems to have hit upon something from which seemingly there is no rebound. Havlicek drank it. At the ceremony on Saturday the officiating clergyman sized up the stricken groom and, with proper Christian charity, cut the proceedings as short as church and civil law allow. It still required several hours and medical attention to enable Havlicek to pull himself together for the reception. All in all, it was a sobering reminder of the perils of clean living, but there is one happy aspect to consider. Wherever he was, Larry Siegfried may have been feeling more cheerful than he had expected.

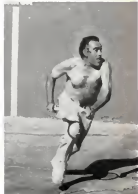
Actor **Anthony Quinn** (right) feels that one is never too young to play fronton—or too old either. Fronton tennis is a murderous amusement that derives from an old Basque game played with baskets. Played with rackets, it combines the more taxing elements of jai alai and squash, and Quinn, at 51, is the unquestioned champion of a group on location in Durango, Mexico for the filming of something called *A Wall for San Sebastian*. He has been spending his mornings "under the broiling sun, slogging through a dense cactus field," and his afternoons "kicking a *vogues* down the steps of a little 1730 church," a suitable preparation for fronton in his spare time. Recently, after a morning of golf, Quinn took on all comers for 14 straight sets. He not only survived, he won. Mexico plans to include the game in the Olympics next year—unfortunately, Quinn, who will only be 52, considers that he is good, but not Olympic material.

The King and Queen of Denmark had a lot of people coming for dinner recently—400 to be exact, for the wedding dinner of daughter Margrethe—and King **Frederik** hied himself off to the forest to help shoot roebuck for the royal table. It was just like the good old days back around

1367, though it is doubtful that King Olav V of Norway or the Duchess of Kent threw any bones under the table.

Florida's 41-year-old Governor **Claude Kirk** has pretty well established himself as an enthusiastic sort in the five months he has held office. He did not really have to go as far as he went in Tallahassee last week. A softball game followed a barbecue for the capital press corps on the mansion lawn and Kirk, trying to stretch a double, crunched into the tree that served as third base. After two days of discomfort the governor finally dropped by a hospital. He emerged with a cast on the clean break in his right elbow.

The least lowly bus boy in either league has to be the young man who performs this function for the Kansas City Athletics. The son of owner **Charles O. Finley**, 14-year-old Paul Finley is a member of the A's board of directors and is quartered alone in the splendor of Kansas City's grandest hotel, the Muehlebach. The real deal, though, is that he is excused from the duty of cleaning the team's white shoes.



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GOODYEAR

Smoking performance at a no-smoke affair

Butts and beer were taboo on Brigham Young's Mormon campus, which was all to the good. The athletes got down to business fast, and USC, with the fastest gang of them all, ran off with the collegiate championships

The magazine ad tacked to the door showed a big glass of orange juice with the caption "O.J. on the rocks." Inside the dormitory room O. J. Simpson, sprinter, football player and exuberant unofficial spokesman for the University of Southern California track team, was the host at a small game of seven-card stud. O. J. was not doing well, and his money kept sliding across the table toward the other three players, but when the game was over he stood up and smiled. "Don't worry about me, man," he said, "I been taking these guys for weeks. The only time I'll worry about luck is tonight, and I don't really sweat about that either. We are ready."

The USC trackmen had been ready for last weekend's NCAA championships since May 6. On that day the Trojans, who have more individual talent than any other team in the country, were upset in a dual meet by their arch rivals

from UCLA. "People really let us have it after that one," said USC Coach Vern Wolfe. "We've been anxious to prove ourselves since."

The NCAA could hardly have chosen a sterner proving ground for its athletes. Brigham Young University, a complex of shiny new buildings sprawled across the base of a mountain in Provo, Utah, holds all the temptations of a monastery: Mormon regulations forbid drinking and smoking, a list to which BYU adds Bermuda shorts and sandals. Even sipping such stimulants as coffee and Coke is taboo on campus. So coaches and competitors relaxed, knowing that in this setting there could be no excuses for losers. The best team would win.

USC had the best team, not because it had the best pole vaulter and hurdler and 440-yard relay squad, but because it had the best *team*. The near-stars did their part, picking up points for lower plac-

ings under the 10-3-6-4-2-1 system of awards to the first six finishers. "We're all running for our points," said O. J. "Long as we all do our part we'll win."

Very early in the meet the USC sprinters showed that they would be far too good for their opponents as they all hut wrapped up the title in two quick bursts on Friday night. The 120-yard-high-hurdle final Friday set the pattern for the entire USC rout.

Earl McCullough, winner of his semifinal in 13.5, lined up alongside Tennessee's Richmond Flowers, who was favored after a meet-record 13.4 in his semifinal. The starter said, "Set," and the eight runners waited for the gun. Flowers described what happened next:

"I looked down at the ground ready to go. I heard the gun, started and looked up. Then I just said, 'Oh, no, he's gone.' ... With uncanny anticipation, McCullough had shot into a full stride lead. 'I didn't think anyone could catch him after that,' said Flowers.

He was right, but he made a gallant effort and seemed ready to overhaul McCullough until he brushed the ninth hurdle and dropped back. After the finish, Flowers shook McCullough's hand.

"That was some start," he said. McCullough smiled. "They didn't call it back, did they?" he asked.

Behind McCullough, teammate Paul Kerry grabbed sixth place, so USC had 11 points. Fifteen minutes later, in the 100-yard-dash final, sophomore Lennox Miller hoped to match McCullough's feat and take another first place. Teammates Simpson and Fred Kuller were also there, looking for additional points. But Miller was up against Charlie Greene who the night before had tied a world record of 9.1. And to make things worse, Greene was mad. "I lost one race to Jim Hines, and now nobody talks about me anymore," he said. "The papers didn't even mention me being in this meet. I think I'll have to correct that situation."

Miller won his heat in his best time

continued



USC'S EARL MCCULLOUGH STAYS A STEP AHEAD OF TENNESSEE'S RICHMOND FLOWERS

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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

ever, 9.2. So Greene, who usually races only hard enough to win, sprinted away from his field in 9.1. He did not go as fast in Friday's semifinal, partly because he spent the last 25 yards looking casually behind him.

Before the start of the final, Greene eyed Trojans Kuller and Miller in the lanes alongside him. "Better jump quick, boys," he said, "or I'll be long gone." In the far outside lane, loose and smiling and apparently forgetting that he had barely made it to the final, Simpson did not bother to listen. He was too busy telling someone, "This is where we really make some points."

Greene was not long gone at the start. But he did prove that he is still champion. He beat Miller by a step in 9.2, hitting the string with an expression on his face that made his margin seem like six yards. Farther back, Kuller and Simpson fulfilled O. J.'s promise, finishing fourth and sixth. With Miller's second USC had 13 more points for a total of 24 and an almost insurmountable lead over UCLA.

Lennox Miller, a soft-spoken Jamaican who is as intense and introverted as Simpson is flamboyant, was disconsolate after the hundred, but his teammates treated him like a winner. "No, 2 in the nationals is pretty good," said Half-miler Dennis Carr—who closed fast to finish second to Oregon's Wade Bell in his own event the next night. "Besides, we're going to win this thing." Wolfe tried his best to be cautious but could not hide his elation. "There were a lot of good men there," he said. "To get 24 points against them is really something." The irrepressible Simpson added one more promise: "Just wait till the relay, Coach," he said. "We're ready for some 38s."

Simpson was right again. McCulloch hurt off the blocks almost as fast as he had in the hurdles. Kuller and Simpson pulled farther in front and Miller ran fastest of all to finish more than 15 yards ahead of Flowers, anchor man for Tennessee. "This makes up for the 100," Miller said. The time, 38.6, was 4 seconds below the team's own world mark.

There was little finesse involved in the USC record, but the runners made up for this shortcoming with sheer speed. "Lennox and I were both injured for a while," said McCulloch, "and O. J. lost a month during spring football practice. So, we haven't had more than a month

to work on our passes. We'll go faster when we perfect them." "Three of us are sophomores and Earl is a junior," added Simpson. "Tell me we won't be back next year."

Miller was back in less than half an hour. He won a 220-yard trial and then, in his third hard race within the hour, finished a good second to Tommie Smith's 20.2, a record.

By then the team championship was a foregone conclusion, and the Trojans were out merely to add to their impressive team triumph. World Record Holder Bob Seagren won the pole vault in an almost routine 17' 4", without a miss, as his teammate, Paul Wilson, making the best vault of his life on his second try, placed second at the same height.

USC was also coming through with a lot of backup points. Gary Carlsen took second in the discus, and Geoff Vanderstock, recovering from a severe case of penicillin poisoning, ran far beyond Wolfe's expectations to gain second in the 440-yard hurdles. Half-miler Carr's attitude was fairly typical: "Coming off the last turn I said to myself, 'the team needs points, kid, and here you are seventh.' So I went as hard as I could. We got 86 points, and I got eight of them with that second place. That's what I was running for." Carr passed some pretty good men in the stretch—Tennessee's Larry Kelly, Georgetown's Racardo Urbina and Villanova's Dave Patrick—and who was there nailing down one point for sixth place? Teammate Dave Buck.

In the final event of the three-day meet, with the title clunched and many of the heroes departed, Wolfe watched his mile-relay team place sixth for the last of USC's points. The team, with a best time of 3:11.3, had not been expected to make the final. But, led by the ailing Vanderstock and Buck, it beat two teams in the finals, running 3:09.

"Sure it's no big deal," said Wolfe, "but it shows how all these kids felt about this meet. When Geoff came back so well, and the mile relay kids qualified for the finals, it gave the whole team a lift." He paused and looked out over the emptying stadium, and with USC 59 points ahead of third-place UCLA, May 6 seemed very far behind him. "This has to be the biggest thrill of my career," he said. "I'm so excited, I might even light up a cigarette on this campus, and I don't even smoke."

END



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Pennsylvania pulls it off

After a lapse of 67 years, Joe Burk's Philadelphia Quakers finally win the race they've always pointed for

I think UCLA has high hopes and just isn't talking much," said the University of Pennsylvania's Joe Burk as he loaded his crew onto a bus for the International Rowing Association regatta in Syracuse, N.Y. last week. "I have a daughter in college at Santa Barbara who knows several of the UCLA oarsmen, and she thinks they're quite confident of sneaking up on us."

The tone was typical of Burk, undeniably the most modest and respected college rowing coach in the U.S. For regardless of what Joe's daughter may have thought about the Bruins' chances in the I.R.A., every other expert at Lake Onondaga was pretty sure that Burk's own Quakers would sweep the regatta and

BOW OAR PAUMGARTEN holds the shiny trophy for the benefit of Penn's Coach Burk

grab a victory that had eluded them for 67 years.

Penn's varsity had not won the I.R.A. since 1900 and, until last year's freshman victory, no Quaker crew of any kind had won a race in the championships since 1924. But in the year 1967 the picture had changed entirely. Penn's freshmen, jayvees and varsity were all favored to win, the varsity doubly so since the only crew that seemed capable of defeating it was hazy elsewhere. Harvard's rowing machine, coached by Harry Parker, himself a onetime student of Burk's, was getting ready to win its 27th consecutive intercollegiate race against Yale at New London.

At Onondaga, some 15,000 sweat-soaked, shorted and print-dressed spectators were on hand as Penn got an exceptionally strong start in the two-mile, 11-boat freshman race. Syracuse, Princeton and Rutgers took futile turns in the lead until the young Quakers decided to make their move after a mile and an eighth. Already stroking at 36, they went up to 39½, passed Washington and, half a mile from the finish, took the lead. They were rowing a ragged but powerful 43 when they crossed the finish line three-quarters of a length ahead of Rutgers. It was a strong race to be rowed by freshmen.

An approaching thunderstorm beyond the finish line was coloring the sky gray and violet as the jayvee boats lined up, and a warning was radioed down to the start. Officials ordered the varsity boats to launch and the jayvees to begin their race anyway. Syracuse again took an early lead, with Wisconsin second. Shortly after the half-mile mark, Penn powered to the front at 35. Syracuse briefly regained the lead before Pennsylvania began pulling away by a third of a length, a full length, two lengths. Penn was ahead by two and a half and nearing the two-mile mark of the three-mile race when the thunderstorm finally hit them.

Amid cries from ship-to-shore radio that some—or few, or none of the boats could be seen, the Penn shell, in an unprotected outside lane, was skewed off its course, losing all forward prop-

ress. Wisconsin, Navy and Cornell, all in inside lanes, came on strong. With a magnificent effort, the Quakers, who were nearly swamped, managed to right themselves and flailed back. But Navy, after much confusion about lanes engendered by the Muddies having steered in toward the sheltered shore, crossed the finish line first in 17 minutes 28.2 seconds, costing second-place Penn its chance to sweep the regatta.

At the starting line the Brown varsity had also come to grief during the brief storm, and along with 13 other crews rowed to shore in order to bail out and mop up. Because Washington and Northeastern had cannily returned to the boathouse, the big race was delayed an hour.

The varsity race, when it did start, was all Penn: Penn starting first, Penn coming on to take second after three-quarters of a mile and first after a mile, Penn half a length over Wisconsin and Navy, Penn by a full length over Wisconsin and Navy after two and one-eighth miles, Penn by a length and a deck, by two lengths, by almost two and a half at the finish, while stroking 36. At the end Pennsylvania had not only won its first I.R.A. varsity championship in 67 years but the Ten Eyck trophy for the best all-round performance in the entire regatta with 19 out of a possible 20 points.

Penn Bow Nick Paumgarten, an ebullient Pennsylvanian from West Conshohocken, is always ready with a joke. With a great show of effort he did a one-hand press of the huge, grotesquely ornate Varsity Challenge Cup for the benefit of photographers. "It's goddam heavy when you've just finished rowing a race," he moaned. But Stroke John Ferriss, one of two sophomores in the Penn boat, remained dead serious even in victory. "I didn't think we had it won until we crossed the finish line," he said. "We've beaten too many other crews from that far back."

A succession of junior varsity men came up to Burk. "Sir, we're sorry," they said. "We know we cost you the sweep."

"It wasn't your fault," Joe Burk answered, "I just felt bad for you." To a bystander he said, "That's the kind of boys they are."

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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

Why Buckpasser's mission to Paris was scrubbed

Anyone who believes, as I do, that Buckpasser may be the best American-bred horse of the last 30 years will share the general disappointment over his loss to stablemate Poker and to Assagai in Saturday's Bowling Green Handicap at Aqueduct. Buckpasser has been nothing less than sensational during his two and a half seasons of racing. More important than the accumulation of 24 wins in 27 races and \$1,342,204 in earnings is the fact that the son of Tom Fool and Bonanza has shown the one quality all horsemen appreciate: he has done virtually everything that could be asked of a champion. This includes winning sprints, setting the world record of 1:32½ for the mile, toting respectable weights in handicaps and beating his elders at weight-for-age over distances up to two miles. From Saratoga to Hialeah and Santa Anita, neither track conditions nor the opposition ever seemed to bother him.

But Saturday, after running up a victory streak of 15 (just one short of Citation's modern record), Buckpasser finally encountered a variety of conditions that were, apparently, too much even for him. The reason he was in the mile-and-five-eighths Bowling Green is that it is contested over the Aqueduct turf course, and if Buckpasser, who had never raced on grass, won that race, Owner Ogden Phipps intended to fly him to Paris, where he would face many top European horses—all of whom have raced exclusively on turf—in the July 2 Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud at a mile and nine-sixteenths.

Phipps and Trainer Eddie Neloy had wisely decided that if the best horse in the U.S. was to be part of any such overseas mission, he would have to be tested as severely as possible. This meant entering the Bowling Green against Assagai, Charlie Engelhard's 1966 grass-course champion. When Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter assigned Buckpasser 135 pounds and Assagai 127 pounds it meant

giving away eight pounds to an established turf runner. Moontrip, who won the Bowling Green in track-record time a year ago with 112 pounds, was back with 113, and Dunderhead got in with a skimpy 107. Poker, who was to be used as a pacesetter both in the Bowling Green and at Saint-Cloud, was assigned 112.

The other part of the test called for Buckpasser to be shod in French racing plates, which, in order to preserve grass courses, are considerably flatter than ours and without toes or calks. Buckpasser worked in his new shoes before the Bowling Green and, although Neloy was pleased, Jockey Braulio Baeza said his horse was sliding around the turns.

He said it again after the Bowling Green and added glumly, "Buckpasser was beaten by a combination of three things: the grass, the shoes and the weight. For the first half mile he seemed to be fine, but the rest of the way he was sliding all around." Meanwhile Jockey Bill Boland was playing his role perfectly with Poker. Dictating his own slow pace when the rest of the field took back at the start, Boland let Poker open up three lengths. When it came time to run on the far turn, Assagai just didn't have it, and neither did Buckpasser. At the finish Poker was still in front, by a length and a half, with Assagai three lengths ahead of Buckpasser. Dunderhead was fourth and Moontrip last. All but Buckpasser wore American shoes, giving them an advantage of up to five lengths, according to some racing experts.

When it was over, Ogden Phipps had the expression of a man who might have been wearing uncomfortable new shoes himself. "If Buckpasser must run in those shoes in Paris the trip is off," he said. It is a pity that the champion failed this test, and even more of a pity that Parisian racegoers, who have such a great appreciation of excellence in horses, will be denied the opportunity of seeing Buckpasser next week. **END**



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The Mets find a young phenom

New York's perennial losers pulled a name out of a hat and came up with Tom Seaver, a \$50,000 bonus pitcher who steals bases as well

After a road trip that was worse than usual, calamitous rather than merely disastrous, the 10th-place New York Mets returned last week to Shea Stadium where two of their nutty fans displayed a banner suggesting the hiring of Israel's General Moshe Dayan. A fine idea, except that the first opponent on the home stand was league-leading Cincinnati, and the closest any of the Reds had been to Egypt was Cairo, Ill.

The series started with a two-night doubleheader, and Cincy easily won the first game behind the five-hit, shutout pitching of rookie Gary Nolan.

But in the second game the Mets produced their own special rookie pitcher Tom Seaver, who beat the Reds 7-3 and

showed a sample of his exceptional pose in the sixth inning. With runners on second and third and no outs, he forced Floyd Robinson to pop up and struck out Vada Pinson and Pete Rose. He stired in the ninth and lost his shutout, but the job was typical of what Seaver has been doing for the Mets in his second season of pro ball.

Against the Cubs he pitched a four-hitter over 10 innings and scored the winning run himself. Against Atlanta he lost a 4-3 game but hit two doubles and a single, stole a base and had two RBIs. He beat the Dodgers with a five-hitter and stole another base. Through last weekend Tom had a 5-4 record, praiseworthy on a basement team, and if his performance was un-Metlike, it was hardly unexpected by another team to which he happens to belong: the sharpshooting, par-hunting, raisin-packing Seaver family out of Fresno, Calif. and points east.

The patriarch is Tom's father, Charles Seaver Sr., a fine amateur golfer. He was a two-handicapper at age 15, the same as he is today at the Sunnyside Country Club in Fresno. He was the Stanford University champion in 1932, beating Lawson Little, and the same year was on the Walker Cup team captained by Francis Ouimet. The elder Seaver also played football and basketball at Stanford, came within a hole of making the final round in the U.S. Amateur Championship in 1930 and a chance to meet Bobby Jones in his last match as an amateur, and, with Pro Mike Fetchick, won the Bing Crosby Pro-Am in 1964.

"He and Fetchick play together every year at the Crosby," said a veteran golf writer. "He's a great competitor, one of the few amateurs who can handle Pebble Beach, because he's so powerful. When there's wind and rain, Charles will be out there playing just as well as Fetchick."

Tom's mother is also a good golfer and a regular at Sunnyside. His Aunt Katie, friends remember, had no trouble

lugging an old-fashioned 75-pound surfboard around the beaches of Hawaii. Another Katie, his oldest sister, was a good swimmer and volleyball player at Stanford and was famous around school for flattening a guy who got fresh with her one day at a campus pub. Brother Charles Jr., now a Brooklyn social worker who brings a batch of underprivileged kids to each home game Tom pitches, swam one year for the Cal varsity. Sister Carol was a physical education major at UCLA and spent two years in Nigeria with her husband, a Peace Corps official. It was no shock when Tom, the baby of the family, turned out to be a fine athlete.

He is also a soft-spoken gentleman of the Sandy Koufax school, autographing photographs, answering repetitious questions and accepting the wisecracks of his teammates, all without complaint. He is working toward a college degree in public relations and it shows. "Posed" is the adjective most often stuck on him.

"I don't find myself jumping up and down," he says. "I smile, but that's as far as I let my emotions carry me."

He recently joined a couple of his teammates in visiting the prisoners at Sing Sing, and on his first day off after coming home from the horrible road trip he went to a Bronx hospital and made a tape recording for the Beside Network, a veterans' organization. He may be doing such things because he is a rookie and does not know how to turn people down, but more likely it is the same unostentatious idealism his brothers and sisters picked up somewhere in their Fresno upbringing.

Fresno is a pleasant place to grow up in. It lies in the middle of California's agriculture-rich San Joaquin Valley and consists mainly of farmers, Armenian merchants and budding baseball players (major league pitchers Wade Blasingame, Dick Ellsworth, Jim Maloney and Dick Selma also come from there). For excitement at night you can stow some figs or maybe drive over to Taft and watch the oil rigs bob up and down in the moonlight. The sun shines brightly nearly every day, and boxes of raisins are shipped out regularly from the packing company where Tom's father is vice president.

Almost every Sunday when Tom was a boy his parents would golf at Sunnyside while the young Seavers ducked each other in the club swimming pool.



YOUTHFUL SEAVER AFTER WIN OVER REDS

The three males in the family hunted quail at every opportunity in the nearby foothills. Tom is a right-handed pitcher, batter and writer, but for some reason he shoots left-handed. During a short hitch in the Marines a sergeant insisted he switch over.

"Out he came with an eye patch," said his father, "put it over his left eye and in two weeks he was an expert marksman with his right hand. Now he's back to shooting left-handed."

"Pop is the best hunter," said Charles Jr. "At Christmas we were all home. We hunted quail and he left us in the dust. Tom's a professional athlete but Dad was leaving him behind. He'd go bounding over the hills and then wait for us. He's like a mountain goat."

Tom was a good basketball and baseball player at Fresno High, yet not one scout so much as nodded to him. He was small, and his fast ball would not squash a grape. But Marine Corps mess halls accomplished what years of raisins and quails could not. He went in the corps for six months, worked at his father's plant for six months and entered Fresno City College four inches taller (6'1") and 45 pounds heavier (190).

After a good season at Fresno City College and a summer in Fairbanks pitching for the Alaska Goldpanners, Tom was given a baseball grant-in-aid by USC, one of the few big universities in the state that had been Seaverless. Trojan Coach Rod Dedeaux is a successful trucking executive who, as a sideline, develops major league talent and wins championships.

As a junior Seaver had a 10-2 record and struck out 100 batters in 106 innings. He roomed with Coach Dedeaux's son, Justin, and left Justin strongly impressed with his pitching, his cooking of self-shot pheasant and his running, which the Mets have come to appreciate, too.

"His speed fools you," says Justin. "He's one of the best base runners I've ever seen. He studies the pitchers, knows their moves, knows their little idiosyncrasies, and this gives him the jump."

"Dad used to have the team run wind sprints, and Tom could almost run nose to nose with Mike Garrett. Mike might win one time by a stride at 75 yards. The next time they'd dead-heat. Once in a while Tom might have an edge."

The Dodgers picked Seaver in the free-agent draft of June 1965 but made no effort to sign him. He was available again

continued



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BASEBALL continued

in the January 1966 draft, so the Braves picked him and began negotiations. When he was signed for a bonus of about \$50,000, the USC baseball season already had started—which is too late to sign a college ballplayer, according to current baseball law—but the Braves assured him everything was O.K. as long as the Trojans' league games had not started.

Dedeaux was not exactly overjoyed (Ron Fairly of the Dodgers, Barry Latham of the Astros and Gary Sutherland of the Phils are some other players he lost while they had eligibility left), but Tom and his girl friend, Nancy, were happy, for now they could get married. His parents planned a gala party in Fresno for 60 or 70 of their friends. One hour before the first cork was to pop, Braves General Manager John McHale phoned and told Tom that the commissioner's office had voided the contract. It turned out that the rule held whether the games were in league or out. The party went on anyway.

Tom would have rejoined the Trojans, but the NCAA declared him ineligible. Suddenly he was not only \$50,000 poorer, he was a man without a country, neither pro nor amateur. In the flurry of phone calls that followed, from Fresno to Atlanta to the baseball commissioner's office, Seaver occasionally found himself wondering whether he was talking to MacPhail (Lee) of the commissioner's office or McHale (John) of the Braves.

Commissioner Eckert finally ruled that any club but the Braves that was willing to pick up the \$50,000 bonus tab could put in a claim for Seaver. The Phillies, Indians and Mets stepped forward and, as Tom listened via long-distance telephone, New York's name was picked out of a hat, perhaps John McHale's.

That is how the Mets—who have lived so long with bad luck—came up with a base-stealing, right-hand-throwing, left-hand-shooting pitching phenom, and how USC lost the national baseball championship. The Trojans, without Tom, went to the college World Series at Omaha in 1966 and lost to Ohio State 1-0 (the Buckeye pitcher, Steve Arlin, subsequently signed with the Phils for a \$100,000 bonus). If Seaver had been pitching that day, muses Rod Dedeaux, "the game might still be an extra innings."

END

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BY DUNLOP

Knocked out by a big swing

At the halfway point in its battle against Italy for the Bermuda Bowl early this month the American team was very much in contention—only 3 IMPs behind. But when the team fell 45 IMPs back with only 32 boards to go, desperate tactics were called for. Nonplaying Captain Julius Rosenberg followed the traditional strategy for a team in need of quick points and benched his steadiest pair, Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay, in favor of his swing-getters. Captain Rosenberg got his big swing—a 17 IMP haymaker (*below*)—but it was against his own team. End of contest.

In the closed room the Italians trotted out one of Giorgio Belladonna's pet conventions in the Roman System. Walter Avarelli's two-club bid showed a weakish three-sister—with a stronger one, he would have opened two diamonds. If West's hand had been strong enough to make a game possible, he could have bid two no trump, asking opener to mention his short suit. Instead, West merely showed his own long suit, and East passed. Bill Root's reopening double was the sound tactic once the opponents had found a fit, and Alvin Roth's pass was based on a mistaken impression that they had failed to find it.

It was a costly decision, Belladonna

won the first trick with dummy's king of hearts, cashed the ace of clubs and ruffed a club, then led the king of spades. North ducked, but declarer simply abandoned the trump suit and took a successful finesse against South's queen of hearts. The defenders collected two diamonds and two spades, and Belladonna chalked up two spades doubled, with an overtrick, for a score of +870. Worse was to follow, as the crowd watching on Bridge-O-Rama heard this bidding:

SOUTH (Forquet)	WEST (Murray)	NORTH (Ganss)	EAST (Kehela)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♦
1♥	1♦	PASS	PASS
2♣	2♦	3♦	5♦
4♦	DOUBLE	ALL PASS	

Opening lead: 7 of diamonds

Pietro Forquet won the opening lead with his diamond ace and led a heart to the jack and king. Sammy Kehela returned the trump 9, and Eric Murray let it run to dummy's jack. Forquet could now have made his contract by cashing the king of diamonds and playing a spade-heart crossruff, but unaccountably he ruffed a spade before leading a diamond to the king. As a result, after ruffing another spade and a heart, declarer was forced to come off dummy by ruffing a third diamond, enabling Murray to overrun with the ace of clubs and return his last trump. The contract was now wide open to defeat, but on this trick Kehela let go of his remaining spade instead of his 8 of hearts. Declarer won the club in his hand, and ruffed a heart with dummy's last trump, felling Murray's ace. Dummy had to lead a diamond to Kehela's queen—but Kehela was left with a heart and declarer's queen of hearts made the fulfilling trick.

Close to tears, Kehela could barely gulp, "Sorry, Eric."

"Forget it, Sammy," Murray replied. "I probably shouldn't have doubled. Besides, I should have opened a trump." He was right on both counts. We lost 17 IMPs, but had the contract been set 200, we'd still have lost 12. Either way, the 1967 title was gone.

NORTH	
♠ A J 5	
♥ J	
♦ K 10 8 5 2	
♣ J 7 6 2	

WEST	
♠ 10 8 7 4 3	
♥ A 10 3	
♦ 7 6	
♠ A 5 5	

EAST	
♠ K Q 9 2	
♥ K 9 8 2	
♦ Q J 9 3	
♣ 9	

SOUTH	
♠ 6	
♥ Q 7 6 5 4	
♦ A 4	
♣ K Q 10 4 3	

SOUTH (Root)	WEST (Belladonna)	NORTH (Roth)	EAST (Avarelli)
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	ALL PASS		

Opening lead: jack of hearts

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NOBODY

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID ROYES



Lea started a riot in Ebbets Field, Jackie got tossed out of an exhibition game in Japan, Casey forgot his pants and a skinny kid named Ted wanted to wrestle. These are a few memories of the author who believes that

LOVES AN UMPIRE

BY JOCKO CONLAN AND ROBERT CREAMER

Be honest—what do you think of when you think of an umpire? An argument, right? A ballplayer and an umpire standing nose to nose yelling at each other with the crowd booing—and if you think the one they're booing is the player, then you haven't been to a ball game lately. In baseball the umpire is *always* the villain.

I'd like to know where that got started. I know booing is Part of the Game and The American Way and all that. But why is it? Who started it? Who was the first guy who booed the umpire and called him a blind bat and yelled, "Kill the ump!" I wish I could find him. I'd tell him a few things.

Maybe a lot of it is in good humor,

but you ought to see some of the people who wait for an umpire after a game just to abuse him. You ought to hear the nice things they say—foul names, insults, things about your family. Some players and managers are pretty good with that stuff, too. I know one thing—you never hear a compliment, though baseball without umpires is nothing. They couldn't play the game without us.

Umpires are abused, insulted, underpaid and overtraveled, yet they expect an umpire to have a perfect temperament at all times. If some lug starts spouting filthy insults and an umpire gets a little hot under the collar, oh, isn't that terrible. He's lost control of the game, they say. He doesn't have the right atti-

tude. Listen, if they can find a fellow who can swallow all that stuff, then they don't have an umpire. When you're out on the field umpiring, you're dealing with professionals you know and admire. I respected the ground that a ballplayer walked on, and I respected the player himself. I never cursed a ballplayer in all the years I was an umpire. I had no right to and no reason to. Well, I had reason to, but I had no right to. And they had no right to curse me or call me any of those names. I know all those names, and I'm none of them. I respected the players, but in turn I demanded respect from them. And I got it. The ballplayer *has* to respect the umpire. You can't take abuse from a player,

continued

because that is when you lose control of the game.

They say a squabble with the umpire lends color to baseball. All right, I agree. I don't object to an argument. In fact, I kind of like one occasionally. I like a ballplayer who fights for his rights. It shows that he takes the game seriously, that it means a lot to him. But that doesn't have anything to do with him calling me a foul name. It doesn't have anything to do with the phony arguments and rotten abuse you get from some of these so-called colorful characters. Like Leo Durocher.

Durocher? You can have him. I umpired in the minor leagues for five seasons and in the National League for 25, and I never saw anyone else like him. He is the king of the complainers, the troublemakers, the malcontents, the ones who can never, never, never accept a tough decision that goes against them.

There aren't very many of them, thank the Lord. I don't mean the fellows who get in an occasional argument and get thrown out of a game once in a while. That happens. That's part of baseball. I mean the ones who are *always* bickering, *always* making trouble, who seem to go out of their way to stir things up, the ones who play to the crowd to get the fans down on the umpire. There are only one or two on a team at the most, but they can make an umpire's life hell.

Durocher was the worst in my experience. He's two-faced. He jumps you one minute, and the next minute he comes up oozing charm, calling you a great umpire. He doesn't fool me. I've known him too long. Great umpire! He never bothered to call me a great umpire when I made a good call against his team. You'd get nothing but trouble then.

I remember back in the early '40s when he was managing the Brooklyn Dodgers and he swore at me and kicked dirt on me at home plate because of a decision I made, and it was the right decision.

The Dodgers and Chicago Cubs were tied 1-1 with the Dodgers batting in the bottom of the sixth inning. Bobby Bragan walked and Goody Rosen was hit by a pitch. With two out, Frenchy

Bordagaray hit a long single to center.

Now, Bragan was one of the slowest base runners I ever saw, and Rosen wasn't much faster. Ordinarily you would have put in a pinch runner for Bragan. As little as I think of Durocher, there is no question in my mind but that he was a first-class manager. If only he had behaved better he would have gone down in baseball history as one of the best managers of all time. But this was during the war and Durocher didn't have enough players to maneuver with; he needed Bragan in the ball game. When Bordagaray hit that shot to the outfield, Bragan tried to score from second. Well, here he came lumbering home with what should have been a run, and there was Rosen racing for third. The throw went in to third base, and they got Rosen for the third out of the inning.

I was umpiring at the plate and, naturally, I didn't call the play at third. That was the base umpire's decision, and nobody made any objection to it. But as plate umpire I had to see whether Bragan touched home plate before Rosen made the third out, and Bragan didn't.

Everybody in the ball park was watching the play at third base, so no one saw me signal that the run did not score. They have all sorts of telephones and public address systems now, but at that time the umpire had to report substitutions and rulings on plays like this to the official scorer by shouting up to him in the press box. I turned and waved my arms and screamed, "The run does not score!"

Durocher was on the lines coaching. He came running up to the plate and yelled, "You son of a bitch! Did you say that run doesn't score?" I said, "It doesn't score," and I chased him off of the game for his language to me.

"Why, you lousy bastard," he said,

and he kicked dirt on me. There was always a lot of soft, granular dirt around home plate in Ebbets Field; you were forever sweeping off the plate because just a kick of the foot could cover it with dirt. When he kicked dirt on me, he spattered me from head to foot. It was all over me. He kicked the dirt, and then he turned and went toward his dugout and I followed him. I was wearing an inside chest protector, under my coat, so I couldn't take that off, but I tossed my mask away. That was kind of dumb on my part. If I was going to have a fight, I should have kept it on and let him break his hand against it.

I yelled, "Hey, turn around."

He stopped and turned.

"Take a punch at me," I said. I was boiling.

"Why?" he said.

"So I can knock you out," I said, "right here."

He turned and kept going into the dugout.

Meantime, the fellows who ran the scoreboard thought the run had come in, and they put a big 1 up in the sixth inning for the Dodgers. When they put a run on the scoreboard in Ebbets Field it didn't matter whether it counted or not. That was their run. Never mind how it got there. It was *theirs*.

But it had to come down, and a big 0 was put up instead. When the run came down, so did everything else in the stands: sandwiches, pickles, hunks of salami, tomatoes. And bottles. There must have been at least a hundred bottles, all aimed at me. They called it a pop-bottle barrage in the papers, but all I saw was beer bottles. I was standing near home plate, and those bottles kept flying out of the stands. Charlie Grimm was managing the Cubs, and he came running up.

"You hardheaded Irishman," he said, "get out to second base before you get hit with one of those bottles."

I said, "I'm staying here, *watching* the bottles. I'm not running for anybody."

I liked Charlie, but I didn't want just one manager coming out and standing there with me. That didn't look good. So I said, "If you don't get out of here, you can join that other punk."

continued

AN UMPIRE'S STORY

This article is the first of a two-part series adapted from the book Jocko, written by the recently retired umpire, Jocko Conlan, with Robert Creamer, J. B. Lippuncotti Co. will publish it this month.



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"Not old Charlie, boy," he said, and he ran like the devil for the Cub dugout. You remember how Charlie Grimm used to run, with that waddle, with his arms down straight and his hands spread? That's the way he ran. It was funny, and maybe that helped ease things, because after a while they stopped throwing bottles. Just about the same time four policemen appeared on the field and plenty more started moving throughout the stands, and I think maybe that had more to do with it. Either way, I was happy to see the bottles stop. It's not a very comfortable feeling to be standing at home plate while people you don't even know are throwing beer bottles at your head. (They stopped selling beer and soda in bottles after that. I'm the guy who put paper cups in the ball parks.)

We got the game going again, and the Cubs scored a run in the seventh. That's the way it ended, with the Cubs winning 2-1. Then the crowd got sore all over again. At Ebbets Field the umpires used to get on and off the playing area through the field boxes down along the right-field line. That was so we wouldn't have to mingle with the players. I started down that way after the game ended, but the captain of police over there at that time, a big Irishman named Murphy, met me and said, "Come on, Jocko. We'll go out this way." Meaning through the Dodger dugout and down the runway that was fenced off from the crowd.

I said, "No, I'm going out the way I came in." I was a little stubborn, and I didn't want them to think I was scared.

Murphy was very patient. He smiled and said, "No, Jocko. We're going this way. Now, I don't want you to worry about a thing. There'll be policemen outside, and you'll have nothing to worry about." He led me and the other umpires right along with the players and up to the umpires' dressing room. I was working with George Barr and Dusty Boggess. The newspapermen came in and asked questions about the fuss, and I never in all my career closed my door to the newspapermen. I always gave them an answer, and they were pretty fair to me. One or two I didn't like, but

most of them were fair. Answering their questions delayed me in getting dressed. I was just taking off my second shin guard when Barr and Boggess patted me on the back and said, "We'll see you tomorrow, Jock." And they were gone.

"I'm alone," I said to myself. "How could they get dressed so fast? Or did they dress? Did they go out of here in their umpires' clothes?"

I was alone, and I could hear the crowd still yelling and milling around outside the ball park. I got dressed, and I walked along to the rotunda, where the main entrance to Ebbets Field was, and I went outside. I was staying at the Astor Hotel in New York, and the way I went back there from Brooklyn was to walk three or four blocks to the station at Prospect Park and take the subway to Manhattan. There must have been 3,000 or 4,000 fans outside the ball park, just waiting for me, and I couldn't see a policeman anywhere. I knew the crowd was waiting for me, because I could hear my name, and I could hear things like "that blind so-and-so." It was June, and I had on a very handsome light-tan suit, a panama hat and brown-and-white shoes. I was kind of a dade then. I edged out, and finally I walked right through the middle of the crowd. None of them recognized me. They were looking for a guy in an umpire's cap and a blue suit.

I walked down Sullivan Place toward Prospect Park. I was feeling sort of cocky, but then two bruisers started to move toward me. They had on white shirts and I could see them clearly, even though it was dark. They began to follow me. I started to walk faster, and they followed right along, maybe 20 or 30 feet behind me. I figured they were going to wait until I got to the subway, because it was a long way down those subway stairs and it wouldn't take much of a knock to send me all the way down them and ruin me. I looked for a cop, and I couldn't see one. I thought, "Well, I'm not going to let them get me on the subway steps," and I turned around and faced them. I figured, let them try to get me up here; at least I have a chance. They came toward me and I took a swing at one of

them, but the other grabbed me. He handled me like a toy. He said, "Take it easy, Jocko. We're policemen. The captain told us to keep an eye on you."

What a relief.

But the thing is, the whole point is, the entire situation was caused by Durocher. He could not accept the decision. It was *his* batter who got put out at third base. It was *his* base runner who was slow and failed to score before the third out. I didn't do any of it. I didn't prevent the run from scoring. I didn't put the run up on the scoreboard for the people to see, and I didn't take it down. All I did was call the play the way it happened, and all Durocher did was cause all the trouble. Typical of him. Typical.

Durocher was definitely the alltime champion crybaby, but for most of the time I was umpiring he was a manager, not a player. The most difficult player I had to deal with was Jackie Robinson.

Jackie was one of those fellows who could never accept a decision. I give him credit for being an outstanding ballplayer. He was a dangerous batter, aggressive, competitive, one of the best base runners I ever saw in my life. He kept an umpire on his toes when he was running the bases, because he had such quick reflexes. He could slide either way, and he could feint you out at the last minute, the last second, the last instant. He could start one way and go another. He was like Ty Cobb that way. He was more like Cobb in temperament and style than any other player—very intense. But almost every time he was called out on strikes, or on a close play on the bases, there were a few words from him—the pitch was inside or the fielder missed the tag or he wasn't on the bag. He wore you out.

Umpires weren't too crazy about Jackie. He had a rough tongue. I put him out of a game once in Philadelphia for calling me a name, and everybody was shocked. Not at Robinson, at me. I had done a terrible thing: I had put Jackie Robinson out of a game. What he called me didn't matter, I guess. It wasn't the first time he had been thrown out, and it wasn't the last. He could get an umpire's goat.

continued

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I remember one time in Japan, when I was there with the Dodgers on a post-season tour. There was a little shortstop playing on one of the Japanese teams. Everybody liked him. He was forever bowing and saying, "Mushi-mushi, mushi-mushi!" He had everybody saying *mushi-mushi*. He was a good little ballplayer; he could run fast, he could field, he could throw pretty well. But he could not hit. He was an out man all the time: strike out, pop up, weak grounder.

Toward the end of the trip, one of the last games they played, this little shortstop came up with the bases empty, and he hit a ball down toward short to Pee Wee Reese. Pee Wee sort of took his time fielding it. He let it come to him, and he made sure he had a good grip on the ball before he threw it, and then he threw it not too hard to first. It was obvious that Reese was hoping the little guy would beat it out for a hit. And Gil Hodges at first base—a fine fellow and one of the finest-fielding first basemen I ever saw—instead of stretching for the throw, took it right on the bag, and maybe even on the wrong side of the bag, to give the guy more time. They still had him out by a step.

I called him safe. It was the only time in my career that I ever called a man safe when I knew he was out. He was such a fine little fellow, that shortstop. But Robinson, who was playing second base, came charging over at me, waving his arms and yelling about the guy being out by five feet and so forth.

I said, "Just play second base."

He yelled, "Why don't you get in position? You're never in position!"

He just galled me. Everybody else knew what was going on, and he didn't. I suppose it was because he was always such a competitor, but even so—

"You're never in position," he yelled.

"I'm in a dandy position for you right now," I said. "Get out!" I chased him.

After the game I rode back to the hotel in the bus with the ballplayers, and as I walked down the aisle to my seat at least half a dozen guys, including Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella and Jim Gilliam, winked at me and smiled and nodded their heads. They all had a

lot of respect for Jackie, but he wore them out once in a while, too.

Another thing happened with Robinson on that trip to Japan that I got a kick out of. I suppose I shouldn't have, because an umpire is supposed to be impartial, but it was so funny I enjoyed it. Jackie was at bat and the count was three and two, and first base was open. The Japanese manager stood up and pointed to first. In other words, walk him, make ball four intentional, give him the base. They feared Jackie—he was some hitter, especially in the clutch. The catcher moved out a little to one side and held his glove out wide. Everybody relaxed as the pitcher started to throw because we all knew it was going to be ball four. But the pitcher busted one right down the middle, hard, right through the gate! They must have had a special signal. I don't know, maybe they signaled with their teapot. They always had a teapot in the dugout instead of a water cooler. However they did it, the pitch was over the plate and the catcher hopped back in and caught it. Robinson was so surprised he just stood there. "Sneak attack!" I yelled. "Strike three! Another Pearl Harbor!"

I had a lot of trouble with the Dodgers when they were in Brooklyn, mostly because of Durocher and Robinson, I guess. But one of the worst hassles I ever got into was with Branch Rickey. It was just after Rickey had taken over in Brooklyn. Johnny Allen, a hot-tempered guy, was pitching for the Dodgers and Mackey Owen was catching. I was the plate umpire, and George Barr was umpiring at third base. Barr called a balk, and Allen blew his top. He ran over to Barr, yelling at him and grabbing at him, and Barr fell to his knees. I liked Johnny Allen—I played against him in the International League—but I yelled to Barr, "Hit him! He's got no right to put his hands on you." George didn't swing, but Allen was thrown out of the game and later was suspended for 30 days.

After that game was over, Rickey sent Arch Murray, a New York sportswriter, into the umpires' room to talk to me. Arch was a nice little fellow—he's dead now—but he was kind of a pigeon for

the ball club. Rickey sent him in and he had Murray ask me, "On that play why did you shake your head and tell Owen it wasn't a balk?"

I said, "What are you talking about?"

Murray said, "When Barr called the balk, you shook your head."

"Get out of here, Arch," I said. I opened the door and ushered him through it.

He said, "Jocko, we're still friends, aren't we?"

"Yes," I said. "Sure. But don't give me that baloney." And I closed the door. I got dressed, and when I left the dressing room Rickey was there waiting for me. He was angry.

"Young man," he said in that big voice of his, with his eyebrows hanging down over his face. "Young man, when Barr called that balk, Owen asked you if you thought it was a balk, and you shook your head no."

I said, "I did not."

He said again, "Owen asked you if you saw Allen balk, and you said no."

"I did not," I said.

Now, it was true that I shook my head when Owen asked me, but not because I thought Barr had made a mistake. What I meant when I shook my head was that I hadn't seen a balk—not that there hadn't been one. A plate umpire adjusts his mask and crouches to get ready for the pitch, and he looks down at the plate to get his bearings. He takes his eye off the pitcher for an instant. That's why we had three umpires—three then, four now. If Barr called a balk, Allen balked.

"You are a liar," Rickey said.

"Don't you tell me I'm lying," I said.

"You are making up the lie."

He glared at me and snapped, "Good night," and he left.

That thing stayed with me. I couldn't sleep. Rickey was a big man in the league; and I'd only been an umpire in it for two or three seasons. But, I thought, I can't umpire if a man calls me a liar.

The next day, early, I went to Owen and I said, "Mickey, did I tell you that Allen didn't balk?"

"No," he said.

"What did we say to each other?"

continues

"I asked you if you saw the balk, and you said no."

"But did I say he hadn't balked?"

"No."

I said, "Mickey, would you vouch for that with Branch Rickey? It's kind of a hard thing to ask you to do."

He said, "Jock, I believe in telling the truth."

"That's all I want," I said. "Tell Rickey the truth."

Barr and some others knew what I was doing, and they said, "Don't. You're only making trouble for yourself. You could lose your job."

"I don't need the job that bad," I said.

Before the game began Rickey came down and sat in his box, and I walked over to him. I was still in my street clothes, and I said, "Do you know me, Mr. Rickey?" Sometimes people don't recognize umpires in street clothes.

"Yes," he said. "I know you."

"You owe me an apology," I said.

"I do?" And the eyebrows went up.

"Yes, you do," I said. "You interpreted that balk thing yesterday entirely differently from the way it happened. You owe me an apology for the remarks you made to me. And if you don't apologize, I'm not going to umpire."

He gave me a long look, and then he said, "Young man, you are 100% right. I found out today from Owen. I was wrong. I apologize."

"Thank you. That's all I want," I said. I walked back and found Owen.

"Thanks, Mickey," I said. And I meant it. He had gone out of his way to do an umpire a big favor.

Most ballplayers and managers don't give an umpire trouble. In fact, some of the fellows I seemed to be having trouble with on the field were really a lot of fun, like Danny Murtaugh and Frank Frisch. I had big arguments with them and I tossed them out of games, but the arguments were never mean or vicious. When I chased Murtaugh or Frisch, it was usually because of some clowning thing they had done. I threw Frisch out of a lot of ball games, yet he never resented it. In fact, sometimes I think he was proud of being chased so much.

Casey Stengel was a lot of fun on a ball field, too, though Casey could be pretty rough on umpires, and he meant to be rough. But Casey was a competitor all the way, there never was anybody else like him. I played for him in the minor leagues in 1930 when he was managing Toledo, and he and I became good friends, real close friends. What a year that was! Casey used to have a meeting with the players every morning. Games started at 3 in the afternoon. He'd call the meetings at 10:30, and those were the only meetings I can ever recall in baseball where the players got there early. Not just early, but an hour early, because Casey wouldn't wait until 10:30 to start talking. He started in the minute he got to the clubhouse, and nobody wanted to miss anything.

They talk about Casey and his conversations when he was managing the Yankees and the Mets. You should have heard him then. He'd walk through the clubhouse in his underwear and he'd look around and he'd say sweetly, "Are all my boys here?" We'd have lost the ball game the day before, and he'd start in on what we had done wrong. He'd give an exhibition of fielding and pitching and hitting and base running and everything, he'd go on and on and on. It was great.

He'd get dressed as he talked. One day he finally had everything on except his pants. He had his shoes on and his socks rolled at the knee, and he had on his uniform shirt and his cap, and there were his bow legs sticking out of his underwear. It was a Sunday and we had a doubleheader, which started at 2:30 instead of 3, and, I swear, Casey talked steadily, without stopping, from before 10 until a couple of minutes after 2.

That day he was getting on a player named Max Rosenfeld. Max couldn't hit a curve ball too good and we were going up against Ross Ryan of Minneapolis, who had a beautiful curve. Casey was telling Max what he was doing wrong and what he should do right.

He'd say, "Now, this is the way I did it in the National League. You stand there and you watch that pitcher and you cock the hat, and you lay for that

curve ball." Max Rosenfeld was nodding his head and saying, "Yes. O.K. All right."

Max had on a light Palm Beach suit—he hadn't had a chance to dress yet with Casey talking—and he was sitting right in front of Casey. There was a box filled with sawdust between them, a low box filled with chew tobacco and all the slop that guys who had been playing cards in the clubhouse had tossed into it. It was a mess, that sawdust box. But Casey was using it as an imaginary home plate as he explained to Max how to wait on the pitch and lay for the curve ball and how to hit Ryan, and how Casey did it when he was playing ball. Casey said, "McGraw always told us to lean over." And he leaned over that sawdust box. "And lay for it." He cocked the bat and waited. "And then hit it!" Wham! Casey swung the bat and he smacked the box, and the sawdust and chew tobacco and slop flew up in the air and it all hit Max right in the Palm Beach suit, right down the front of it. Max jumped up, and he was almost crying. He said, "You can show me how to hit, but you don't have to cover me with all that slop!" Casey gave him a look, tossed the bat away and said, "Well. That's the way I hit 'em."

By then it was 2 o'clock and somebody said, "Time to warm up the pitchers," so we had to go out on the field. It was a good-size crowd that day, and there were a lot of women in the park. From the dressing room we had to walk underneath the stands before we got to the runway that led to the dugout. Everybody filed out, and Casey came over and sort of growled out of the side of his mouth, "How did you like that exhibition of hitting?"

"Oh, it was swell," I said. "You really hit that curve ball. You nearly killed poor Max. He's got to have his suit cleaned and everything now."

Casey said, "Yeah, yeah. Well, if he hit those curve balls like that he wouldn't be having trouble with his suit."

He started to go out of the dressing room and he said to me, "Take a couple of those things out with you, will you? Take the ball bag."

continued



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I picked up the ball bag and I followed him. He was carrying a couple of towels, I think, and a fungo bat to hit flies with to the outfielders. He still didn't have his pants on, but I didn't say a word. I walked right along with him. We went out past the concession stands and along under the grandstands, and the women in the crowd were staring at Casey and saying, "Oh! Oh my." A couple of them called, "Casey! Casey!"

Stengel was walking along, swinging the fungo bat like a cane. He said, "They got some crazy women here in Toledo."

I said, "Yes, I guess they do."

We kept on walking, and the people watching us were making more and more commotion. Casey looked around and frowned, and he said, "What are they hollering about? The game doesn't even start for half an hour yet."

And then he stopped. And he looked down. And he said, "Why, I haven't got my pants on."

I just smiled at him.

He hit me right across the shins with the fungo bat, and he said, "Why didn't you tell me I didn't have any pants on?"

"Why, Casey," I said, "I didn't even notice."

He hurried back inside and put his pants on, but when he went out on the field they were all yelling, "Casey! Casey! Where are your pants?"

The women loved to yell at Casey, and he was great with them. One day in Milwaukee before a game we were crossing the field to the visitors' dugout. They really liked him in Milwaukee because it's a German town, and Casey is a Dutchman, you know. His nickname was Dutch before it was Casey. He had some telegrams in his hand, wires about players and notifications from the league office and things like that, and he was glancing at them as we crossed toward the dugout. The women in the stands were shouting to him and yelling his name, and one woman called in a fake German dialect, "Casey! Der telegram. Vor did it sad?" We were right in front of our dugout by then. He looked up and said, "Just another widow died and left Old Case \$10,000 more." He ducked

down into the dugout and said, "That'll take care of those old gals up there."

I didn't have much of a season for Casey because I hurt my ankle. He used to tell about that later on, and the story got better and better. We were in the ninth inning of a tie game, and Casey said, "I'll buy a suit of clothes for the man who wins this game for me." I got hold of one, and I stretched it into a triple. I slid hard into third, and when I did I hit my ankle. Oh, it hurt. Casey was coaching at third, and he bent over me.

"Are you hurt?" he said. "I'll put in a runner."

I said, "It's all right. I don't need a runner."

The next batter hit a long fly, and I tagged up and went in and scored the winning run. And boy, that ankle hurt then. I barely made it to home plate and then I fell flat on my face. They carried me into the clubhouse, and someone said the ankle was broken.

"Jocko," Casey said, "You're tough."

"Never mind that," I said, "Where's the suit?"

Every time Casey saw me, in a World Series or an All-Star Game or in spring training, he'd tell that story. He'd be giving that doubletalk to the newspapermen and I'd come out on the field and he'd say, "There's my boy. There's one of my boys. Now look at that. There's a boy scored from third for me on a broken leg." It was a chipped bone in my ankle. It hurt like the devil, I admit, and I had to hobble home, but with Casey it went from a chipped bone in the ankle to a broken leg, and I think some days he had a piece of broken bone sticking through my stocking. I but that was all right with me, because I never did get that suit from him. When I reminded him, he said, "Ah, that's the way you're supposed to play for me."

Casey could be funny, but when it came to winning or losing he was never a clown. He was dead serious, though a lot of fans never realized that. It's strange how mistaken fans can be about some ballplayers and managers. Some have a reputation with fans for being nice guys, and others have a reputation for being

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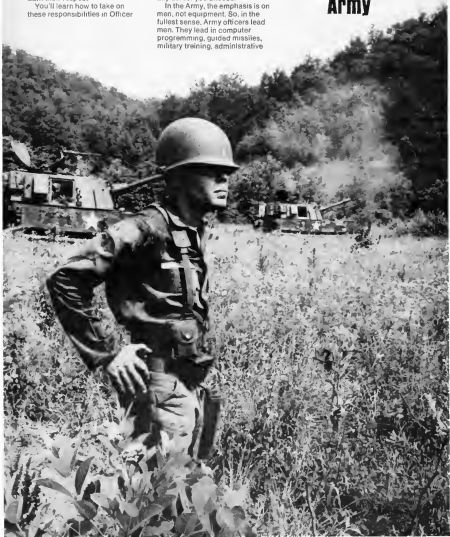
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real bums. Sometimes the fans are right. There never was a nicer fellow than Stan Musial, and Gil Hodges was a prince. But there were others who got a bad rap. Ted Williams, for instance.

The fans loved to ride Williams, hoot him, boo him, drive him to distraction. And yet I would say that there has never been a ballplayer who behaved better toward umpires than Ted Williams. You'd think a man like Williams, who was supposed to be terse and unritable and high-strung, would blow up when he got a bad call at the plate, particularly since he knew the strike zone perfectly. He knew it better than any other ballplayer. Yet he'd never say a word. He never complained.

I met Ted Williams when he was a minor league player with the Boston Red Sox farm team at Minneapolis. I was working in the American Association, and I had been assigned to Minneapolis for spring training. That was a strange setup. Here I was an umpire, and they had me rooming with a ballplayer, a kid named Robert Robertshaw, a left-handed pitcher. This was in Daytona Beach. Williams had just been assigned to the team, and he was in the next room to ours. There was a connecting door between the rooms.

I was in bed sleeping one morning, my face pushed down into the pillow, and Williams came into our room and jumped on top of me.

"Get up, Bush," he said. "Let's go!" He always called people "Bush," all through his career.

I pushed him off and rolled over and said, "Get out of here, you big skinny punk. What's the idea of jumping on me?"

"You're not Bush," he said. "You're not even a ballplayer. You're too old to be a ballplayer."

"Who are you?" I said.

"I'm Ted Williams," he said. "I hit 23 home runs in San Diego. I'll hit 40 home runs in this league."

"You better wait till the league gets started. Maybe you won't even be here."

"Is that so? You watch me. I'm a great hitter." He was. He hit 43 that year.

I liked him, right from the beginning.

He seemed awfully cocky, but he was a nice kid. I was in the hotel one morning when Mike Kelly called me. He owned the Minneapolis ball club. This was my first year umpiring in that league, but I knew Mike from having played ball in the Association.

"I want you to come out and take a look at a boy we have. Tell me what you think of him." I went out with Mike to watch morning practice. The ball park wasn't the one in Daytona Beach that's near the ocean. It was back inside someplace, and it had a tremendous long fence. Williams came up in batting practice, and he hit three or four balls out of that park that looked as though they were shot out of a cannon.

"How do you like him?" Mike whispered.

"He's something," I said. "I never saw a more even swing. And the timing."

"Yes, he'll do," Mike said. "He's great now, but he's going to be greater."

Mike and Ted had a warm feeling for each other, a mutual admiration society. But Donnie Bush, the Minneapolis manager, couldn't stand it when Ted would walk after a ball in the outfield—which he would do now and then. Williams was such a wonderful hitter that the crowd always expected him to hit, every time. That went on all through his career. Whenever he made out, they booed him. I know that at Minneapolis he could hit home runs his first two times at bat, but if he struck out or popped up the third time the crowd would get on him. He was just a young kid, and his feelings would be hurt. If a ball was hit to him in the outfield the next inning, he'd walk after it. I saw Donnie Bush pull him right out of a game when Ted did that once. But old Mike called Donnie in, and he said, "Don't you ever take that boy out of a ball game again. You can't take a player like him out. Where will we ever see another like him?"

Then Mike got hold of Frank Bowman, the trainer, who later worked with the Giants, and he said, "Tell the boy I want to see him." When Ted came up to his office, instead of bawling him out about walking after the ball Mike put

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JOCKO *columnist*

his arm around his shoulders and said, "You know, I used to do the same thing when I was a kid." And he would talk so gently and so skillfully that by the time Ted left the office he was practically crying. Williams often told me, "There was nobody else ever like Mike."

They had a special promotion one night in Minneapolis. They called it Centennial Night, and they had 13,000 people there in that old Nicollet Field. How they got 13,000 in that place I don't know. They were hanging from the eaves. Oh, it was jammed. Williams hit two home runs, and they were tremendous. They landed on the building across the street from the outfield fence. And then in the last of the ninth he came to bat with the bases loaded, two out and Minneapolis behind by a run. The count went to three and two. I was umpiring behind the plate. The crowd was yelling for another home run, or any kind of a base hit, or even a walk, to force in the tying run. And I ended the ball game by calling Williams out on strikes on a pitch right at his knees.

Dorie Bush was coaching at third base, and he came running in.

"Strike!" he yelled. "It was down by his ankles. It was on the ground." A low pitch is always on the ground, and a high one is always over his head. The crowd was furious. Bush was yelling at me, and the fans were booing.

Then Williams did something I'll never forget, and it is one of the reasons I consider him a close friend of mine in baseball. He looked at Dorie Bush and he shook his head.

"No, Dorie," he said. "It was a good pitch. It was a perfect strike, right at the knees. I should have hit it."

I could have thrown my arms around him.

I walked off the field and I thought, "What a man that is." I never had anyone else in my career do anything like that.

Another time, in the 1947 All-Star Game, I called Williams out on strikes again. It was in the Cubs' park in Chicago. I think Ewell Blackwell was pitching, and I called Ted out on a low pitch, a bad pitch. As soon as I called it, I

continued

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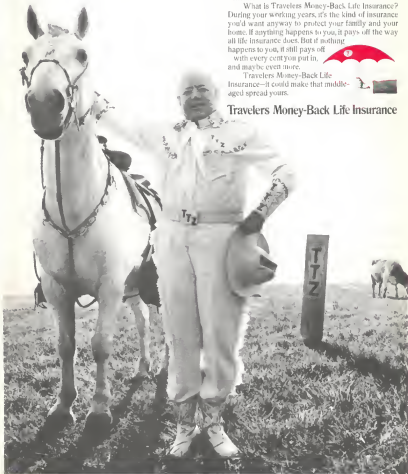
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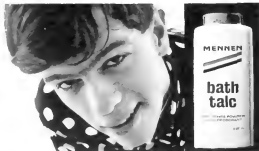
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JOCKO

knew I had made a mistake. The pitch was too low. I should have called it a ball. Here I had called Ted Williams out on strikes on a bad pitch in an All-Star Game. You know what he did? He put his hat on his shoulder, and he walked away. He didn't say anything.

I've always felt bad about calling that one wrong on Williams, but he never said a word to me about it. All through his career, for all his temperament and his difficulties with the fans and the press, he had the same reputation with umpires that Stan Musial had. I'd ask American League umpires, "What kind of a guy is this Williams?" To a man, they said, "Jock, he's the greatest." He never complained. He never argued, not a word.

An umpire has to go for a man like that. I remember talking to George Moriarty once before I ever umpired or even thought of it. Moriarty was from my neighborhood in Chicago, and he was an American League umpire. Earlier he had been both a player and a manager in the league, but he told me, "Kid, I don't mix with the bullplayers. I don't waste my time talking to them. If you had this job you wouldn't talk to them either. It's the only way you can get respect."

After, when I was an umpire myself and I had had a hard time with some player, I'd remember what Moriarty said, and I'd think, "You know, he's right. I'm not going to talk to any of them anymore. The hell with them." But it isn't in a man's nature to be silent. It's not silence that gets respect from the players. It's working hard and knowing your job and doing your best and not taking any cheap abuse. It's being in charge. You are the authority. You take command. You run the game. That's all there is to it.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? But then you don't know Leo Durocher.

Next Week

The curious way Jocko became an umpire, a petty punishment by Ford Frick and the reasons why the major league umpires almost went on strike three years ago.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

(CINCINNATI) (2-4) Manager Dave Bristol remained undaunted even though the Reds fell out of first place. Leo Cardenas (broken finger) was lost for six weeks or more, Pete Rose (injured shoulder) was out an estimated two weeks and minor ailments hampered Deron Johnson, Don Nottebart, Billy McCool and Tommy Helms. Refusing to buckle under, Bristol said, "They've got to get all 25 of us before we're done." Gary Nolan's shutout against the Mets and Mel Queen's four-hitter against the Dodgers showed that the Reds were far from done. Five SAN FRANCISCO (2-5) players were hurt but one of them, Willie Mays, came back after a four-day layoff and hit a 10th-inning grand-slam homer to beat the Astros. Joe Gibbon's 3-2 win over St. LOUIS (4-2) was the 12th victory in 23 decisions for left-handers against the Cardinals, who were 25-10 against right-handers. For the third part, though, the Cardinals had little difficulty getting hits, with seven regulars above .300. The most efficient were Mike Shannon (31 RBIs in just 144 at bats), who got his seventh game-winning hit of the season, and Roger Maris, who has won five games. Ron Santo of CHICAGO (4-3) won a game with a homer, Adolfo Phillips another with his power and speed as the Cubs advanced to third place. Dick Radatz, considered expendable by the American League a few weeks ago, saved two games. Roberto Clemente of PITTSBURGH (4-4) was upset about being benched in the first game of a doubleheader, saying, "I want to play all games until I drop dead." Replied Manager Harry Walker: "Records since 1959 show that after a doubleheader he sometimes didn't hit well for a week. I thought it might be best to give him a game off, but now I'll play him." The shaky pitching staff got an unexpected boost when Steve Blass came out of the bullpen and pitched his second complete game in 26 starts during the past two years. Dick Hall of PHILADELPHIA (3-5),

who had not started since 1963, went all the way to beat the Pirates 4-1. ATLANTA (4-3), too, received a complete-game win from a converted reliever when Phil Niekro stopped the Phils 1-0. Henry Aaron made his 2,500th major league hit and began looking to the day when he would get his 3,000th (the summer of 1930 if he maintains his present rate). Clete Boyer almost sat out a game because of stomach trouble but decided to play and hit a grand-slam homer. Reliever Claude Raymond, late of the Astros, won one game for the Braves and saved another, but Wade Blasingame, the pitcher JOHNSON (3-3) acquired for Raymond, beat Atlanta when Ed Matthews, another ex-Brave, homered. Jimmy Wynn became the first to hit three homers in the Astrodome and took over the league lead in RBIs. But the big star of the week was rookie Don Wilson, who pitched the first no-hitter in the Astrodome and struck out 15 Braves doing it. LOS ANGELES (4-2) ended an eight-game losing streak but remained on the brink of ninth place. Bob Shaw of NEW YORK (3-4) shut out the Reds, and Tom Seaver (page 6) had them shut out until the ninth.

Standings: BR 36-32, CH 48-25, CIN 37-27, PIT 32-37, SF 31-32, AA 27-32, PH 28-32, LA 15-35, MIA 30-38, NY 29-38

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Torrey John of CHICAGO (3-3) pitched two shutouts, one a three-hitter against the Senators, and Joe Mauer, with relief help from Hoyt Wilhelm, beat the Yankees 1-0 on four hits. That gave the White Sox staff a total of 16 low-hit games (four hits or less). White Sox pitchers gave up 13 hits in one game, but it was an unusual game—the longest night contest (22 innings, 6:38) ever. WASHINGTON (3-4) prevailed in that one when Paul Casanova struggled with the bases loaded. DETROIT (2-5) did things big. The Tigers scored 10 runs in one inning to beat the Twins 15-10. They also gave up eight runs in one inning to lose to the Twins 11-5.

A 10th-inning home run by Dave Duncan of the A's defeated the Tigers in the second game of the longest doubleheader (9:05) in league history. Worst of all, the Tigers didn't look like a pennant contender in the field, committing 10 errors. BALTIMORE (2-6) players held a clubhouse meeting to consider their slump and Frank Robinson's remark that some teammates were jealous of him. Adding to the Orioles' frustrations was the sudden hitting of Woodie Held of CALIFORNIA (6-2). Held, hitless in his last 22 times up as an Oriole before being traded to the Angels last week, had six hits and helped beat his former teammates three times. Alvin Dark of KANSAS CITY (3-2), trying to protect a 1-0 lead in the ninth against the Orioles, used four outfielders when Frank Robinson came to bat. Somewhat incongruously, Robinson popped up to third base and Jim Hunter of the A's had his second straight shutout. Hank Bauer of the Orioles overthrew his outfield the next night in an attempt to stymie John Donaldson of the A's. Donaldson tripped into the outfield gap in center field, then scored the winning run on Reggie Jackson's single. "When I get a hit I win," said Luis Tiant of CLEVELAND (3-4), who has had at least one hit in each of his five victories. Last week Tiant singled and went on to beat MINNESOTA (4-3). Since the arrival of new Manager Cal Ermer, Pitchers Jim Kaat and Dean Chance have done turn-arounds. Kaat, ineffective before Ermer arrived, won three games in eight days. Chance, 9-2 before Ermer took over, lost his third straight since the change in managers. Mel Stottlemyre of NEW YORK (3-5) came up with his fourth shutout of the year, this one against the Senators. MONROE (4-5) kept from slipping too far behind when Tony Conigliaro hit a two-run homer with two out in the 11th to defeat the White Sox 2-1.

Standings: CH 36-32, DET 31-37, MIA 30-38, PIT 32-37, SF 31-32, PH 28-32, LA 15-35, MIA 30-38, NY 29-38

HIGHLIGHT

When National League General Manager Dave Bristol was asked to compare the college players with major leaguers, he said, "The college boys have better manners." Those scholarly athletes may have yelled "Take it," instead of "Mine! Mine!" as they circled under pop-ups, but for the most part they played aggressive, forget-about-Emily-Post baseball. Consider Ron Davison of Arizona State. He didn't have patience enough to wait politely for the intentional walk being offered by a Stanford pitcher. Instead, he poked at one of the outside pitches designed to put him on first base and hit it for a run-scoring single. Without that run, the Sun Devils might well have lost. As it was,

they still had to go 14 innings to win a 3-2 victory. Pitcher Gary County watched an infield hit and worked on a double over the center fielder's head by Scott Bond. County, who struck out 15 batters, won his 16th straight game to bring his season's record to 17-1. The loss eliminated Stanford, pretournament favorite, and moved State into the championship game against Houston. For Arizona State, which lost five of its players to major league clubs following the 1966 season, this was supposed to have been a rebuilding year. For Houston, which does not play baseball on the same big-time, 60-games-a-season scale—and which lost to Stanford 12-1 in the first game of this double-elimination tournament—the final game was the last hurdle on its implausible Cinderella journey. But Arizona State defeated the Cougars 11-2 for its second championship in the past three years.

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE 

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MORBO

Sirs:

Leonard Shecter's article on Bill Monbouquette (*Hamilton of a Hero*, June 12) was simply great. I am the bat boy for the New York Yankees and, after reading about Monbo, I have a warm feeling toward him. Monbo still appears to be the great pitcher he once was, but in order for him to win 14 games the team must hit. The Yankees are not scoring runs. Monbo lost his first start against Washington 2-1 because of the team's weak hitting.

Monbo's curve and slider seem to be strong and, take it from me, his fast ball is still humming. I have a swollen hand to prove it.

KEITH FORD

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sirs:

Having felt the "mortal" wound of a minor league cut many, many years ago, I consider Leonard Shecter's piece on Bill Monbouquette top-drawer human-interest material. I saw grown men cry like babies when handed a release and a "try again next year." As I read the Monbo story I felt that I was sitting there at the phone along with him, waiting for a call.

ED ALLEN

Pittsburgh

TERMINAL TURNING

Sirs:

As a real fan of the Indy 500 I look forward every year to reading your articles on the event as much as I look forward to seeing the race itself. I say this because you seem able to capture the excitement of the race exactly as I feel it while at the track.

This year's article, *Gentlemen, Junk Your Engines* (June 12), was a masterpiece and portrayed the "pulse beat" perfectly. What a race! What an article! Helms off to Bob Ottum for a superb job on a race that was exciting almost beyond words.

A. J. GILMASTER

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article on the 500. The turbine is a wondrous step forward in the field of automobiles. But it is definitely not on the same level of competition as the piston cars. Even if they won't allow turbines as powerful as Jones's it will still be the racing machine of tomorrow.

MARK PATMAN

Seymour, Ind.

Sirs:

I hope the turbine will be accepted. Too many Indy races are now a matter of mechanical survival with many of the better drivers ending up as spectators at the finish.

Head-to-head racing among the world's finest drivers for a full 500 miles is an exciting prospect. Dependable, safer (four-wheel drive) cars will put the emphasis on nerve and skill. If the turbine could be so reliable in its first race, think what it will be after a little more proving. Mechanical luck will always play a part in racing, but it should be kept as small a factor as possible.

CHAS HARRIS

Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

CAPTURE THE FLAG

Sirs:

I hope that your item entitled "Time Out For Sports" (Scorecard, June 12) was noticed by all sport fans, so that they will sit down and write to their Congressmen in support of Representative Richard Ottinger's (D, N.Y.) bill to separate sport from television's control. The only thing I suggest is that lacrosse be included in the bill. Along with soccer, lacrosse is one of the fastest growing sports in the U.S. It is televised more and more often and already it is becoming involved in the TV "manipulation" problem. In the recent North-South College All-Star contest, the game was stopped each time the TV men held out a yellow flag. Admittedly, in this particular case, it may not have had any detrimental effect on the game. As a matter of fact, it was so hot that the players may have been happy to have had the breaks. But stoppage of play just because TV dictates it will hurt sport, especially in cases where the continuity of the action is important.

ARTHUR W. GREGG

Darien, Conn.

BOSTON SHUFFLE

Sirs:

Your comments about Fenway Park (*Slow Death by Committee in Boston*, June 12), were totally unwarranted. First, you describe Fenway as a decaying little ball park. The fact is, Fenway is among the best-kept parks in the country. It is always immaculately clean. Every seat was repainted this winter, as were the walls and rafters. There is never a bare spot on the field, which features well-trimmed, verdant grass.

Your second contention was even more absurd. There is absolutely no likelihood of the Red Sox becoming the San Diego Padres. Boston is giving the club its usual whiteheated support. Attendance is up 65,000 over last year, including near sellouts on April 30, May 30 and June 9. I think Si owes Boston and the Red Sox an apology.

JONATHAN B. DUBETZKY

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

Mark Muhvey's article hit the nail on the head, as every sports fan in Massachusetts knows. Many of us are already looking with great concern at the two problems that will inevitably confront us in the 1970s: 1) Will we root for the Mets or the Yankees? 2) Will the MBTA (Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority) supply us with a 20¢ shuttle to Shea or Yankee Stadium?

LARRY MACKENNEY

Norfolk, Mass.

NOT GUILTY

Sirs:

Your reference to the dismissal of Penn Athletic Director Jerry Ford (Fox, THE RECORD, June 12) was totally inaccurate. Ford was not fired for "alleged violations of the Ivy League athletic rules." On the contrary, he was the accuser, rather than the accused, charging that an administration official and a coach had committed such infractions. Isolated violations were found to have occurred in the spring of 1965, but the rumored slush fund alluded to by Ford in his charges was never confirmed.

LAWRENCE KROHN
Sports Editor,
The Daily Princetonian

Philadelphia

■ SI erred. Jerry Ford is indeed one of the foremost proponents of the Ivy League—and of its ideals and its rules. ED.

BACK ON THE TRACK

Sirs:

As one who really enjoys racing and wants to see it prosper I would like to offer a few suggestions in line with your editorial "Out of the Running" (Scorecard, June 5). In New England there are only two tracks where one can visit the grandstand without being reviled by filth and disregard. Green Mountain and Rockingham Park. Suffolk Downs's grandstand is barely passable, but all the others are maseable. The racing reporters act like paid press agents who close their eyes to the sordid picture. Since people are not knowledgeable, it is important that racing offer a spectacle as well as a sport, and the reporters and various racing commissioners should do everything in their power to make a visit to the racetrack a pleasant experience, win or lose.

In addition to this, I would like to see a purse arrangement that would be an incentive for older horses of ordinary caliber. Claiming races for 5-year-olds and up or 6- or 7-year-olds and up with a bonus purse would help to keep some horses around the

continued

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19TH HOLE — continued

track long enough for people to develop an affection for them. It doesn't take a million-dollar horse to do this, and one of the happiest times for me personally was, as a youth, watching and rooting for old Brass Moskey coming down the stretch with Babe Rubenstein cheering him on.

The Babe, with his stories of racing live on a local radio station, and Len Smith, the head of Rockingham and Green Mountain, are all that is good in the New England racing picture but, unfortunately, I am afraid they are not enough.

FREEMAN F. DODGE

Turro, Mass.

Sirs,

Jimmy Kilroe's theory that racing is hurtling because the sport is too intricate for the public is sheer nonsense. The most intricate factor is that when you pay your two bucks admission you have to be a Headlin to find a decent seat. There may be 500 people at the grandstand, but it always seems as though they are holding 15,000 more seats for their friends. The biggest offenders are the women, who pile big overnight handbags on the seat next to them and tell you that the person sitting there is down making a bet.

Racing is the only sport where you pay a good buck to get in and have no guarantee that you will have a place to sit. Those paying admission should be given numbered seats as they come in the early birds getting the better seats, the latecomers what is left. Those holding passes should stand.

Someday a smart vice-prevalent may consider building grandstands in the infield. After all, the race is won at the finish line, and what happens in the backstretch does not concern the average fan.

JOSEPH MARIN

Berwyn, Ill.

Sirs,

You quote Jimmy Kilroe as saying that 80% of the horseplayers "don't know what they are doing." After a few visits to a U.S. racecourse they soon find out. They are putting \$5 on the pari-mutuel for a \$4 bet 20", has disappeared immediately. Put this "sport" on the same basis as roulette, craps or any other "game" where the house is the sure winner anyway and it will pay its way handsomely.

The public realizes that some change must come off the top to keep the game going. But 20", "Aw, come on. I've seen the most stupid of us can see the futility of paying the monies to get on the track and then putting up the \$5 for a \$4 bet—and that is exactly what it is. What to do about it? Don't ask me—except that I wish everybody would get his fingers out of the pot.

JACK GREEN

Albuquerque



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